

No 18. Feb 3. 1900

THE WAR CRY.

3

FAREWELL

OF

Major and Mrs. Hargrave FROM MONTREAL.

After a brief eight months in command of the East Ontario Province, much to the surprise and regret of officers and soldiers, orders come for Major and Mrs. Hargrave to farewell.

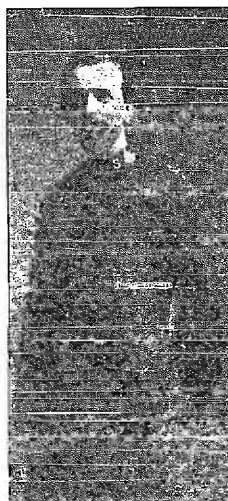
The time was too limited to do much in the way of farewell meetings, nevertheless what meetings were held were made of much blessing to those present. On Friday a meeting was held with the Field, Staff, and Social Officers of the city, which was followed by a tea. After due justice had been done to the good things provided, the Chancellor read a farewell message from each of the District Officers, expressing their thanks to God for the blessings received and victories won under the Major's leadership, and assuring him of their love, prayers, and best wishes for success in his new command, at the same time declaring their determination to stand by his successor and push on the war in this Province.

Mrs. Hargrave then sang and spoke to our hearts, and the Major followed with some pointed words of truth, which will not be soon forgotten by those present.

The final meeting was held in the No. 1 barracks on Sunday night, with a splendid congregation present. Mrs. Hargrave read the lesson, making an impassioned appeal especially to leaders, followed by the Major with some straight, plain, forcible truth, and, after a hard fight, we had the joy of seeing a man and woman seeking the salvation of God.

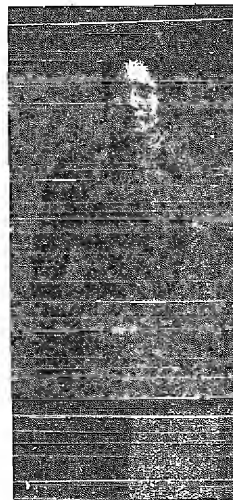
The No. 1 band had arranged to give our parting leaders a send-off at the station, but the uncertainty of the time of their departure prevented them, much to their disappointment.

On Tuesday, at 10:30 p.m., they waved us a final farewell as the train pulled out of the C.P.R. station. May God's choicest blessings be with them in their new command.—L. E. T.



Major Hargrave.

The New Commanding Officer of the Pacific Province.



Mrs. Major Hargrave.



WOMAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACH.

LESSON IX.—(Continued.)

Every phase of your church work will be a failure, and your life a moral blank, without the Holy Spirit. A great sermon, a great lecture, a great effort, will be nothing more than a great failure, without the Holy Spirit accompanying it. If you are going to have power over the world you must have power from on high, the anointing from above. If you are going to have power over yourself you must be indwelt with the Spirit's power. If you are going to have power with men, you must first have power with God. It is the anointing of the Holy One that we all need to make us efficient teachers, Christian Endeavorers, ministers of the Gospel, missionaries of the Cross, and soul-winning Salvationists. The great difference between one man and another is a difference of heart. The difference between one reader and another is a difference of spiritual warmth. The difference between one musician and another is that one man is all aflame and the other man is all ice. The difference between one teacher and another is a difference of fire. The difference between one Salvationist and another is a difference not so much in natural ability as in spiritual life. The difference between one minister and another is that one is a dead man—not buried, but who ought to be—the other a live man and full of Holy Ghost power. The ministration of one is a ministration of death, the ministration of the other is a ministration of life. His prayers, his sermons, his lectures, his ministrations are full of inspiration, and life, and power. It is the Holy Ghost in a man that makes the difference between a live man and a dead man. It is the Divine Spirit in him that makes him a man of

God and a power for good in the pulpit and out of it. What wind is to the sail, what a main-spring is to the watch, what oil is to the lamp, what steam is to the engine, what fire is to the furnace, what a lever is to the fulcrum, what the heart is to the body, what music is to the ear, what light is to the eye, and what life is to the man, that the Holy Spirit is in making a young man or woman an efficient worker in the church of Christ.

The Great Factor of Usefulness.

As a Sabbath School teacher, a Christian Endeavorer, a minister of the Gospel, a missionary of the Cross, or an officer in the Salvation Army, a life of usefulness does not depend upon natural or acquired abilities, the gift of tongues, the ability to speak well, or anything else so much as power from on high. A man may have all these adornments and he nothing more than a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal—a curse to any church, and not a blessing. It is men and women clothed with the power of the Holy Ghost that are needed to occupy our pulpits, our platforms, and to stand behind the desks to proclaim the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It is men and women whose hearts the Lord hath touched that are needed to convert the world. It is not necessary that they should be B.A.'s, M.A.'s, nor D.D.'s to be efficient and successful ministers and soul-winners. Moses pleaded that he was not eloquent, that he was slow of speech. Some of the best of the old prophets spoke with a stammering tongue, but they spoke with power, and men and women trembled under their mighty utterances. Paul was not considered, in some circles, an eloquent speaker, for they said that his speech was contemptible. The disciples whom Christ commissioned and

sent forth to convert the world were unlearned men—but they were filled with the Holy Ghost. Billy Bray, commonly called the King's Son; Dick Homphrey, Sammy Hick, Billy Dawson, were all men of mighty power, because they were Holy Ghost men, and guilty sinners wept, repented, prayed, confessed their sins, and became converted under their ministry. D. L. Moody was not an eloquent preacher, but he had power both with God and man, because the spirit of God was in him, and largely developed in him; and Catherine Booth's main power was power from on high. Thus God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence. (I. Cor. i. 27-29.) Things that are not God hath chosen. That was why He chose Jesus Christ. Who made Himself of no reputation, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Therefore God hath highly exalted Him, and that is the only way God will exalt any one of us. It was only when Luther could say, "Martin Luther does not live here, Jesus Christ lives here."

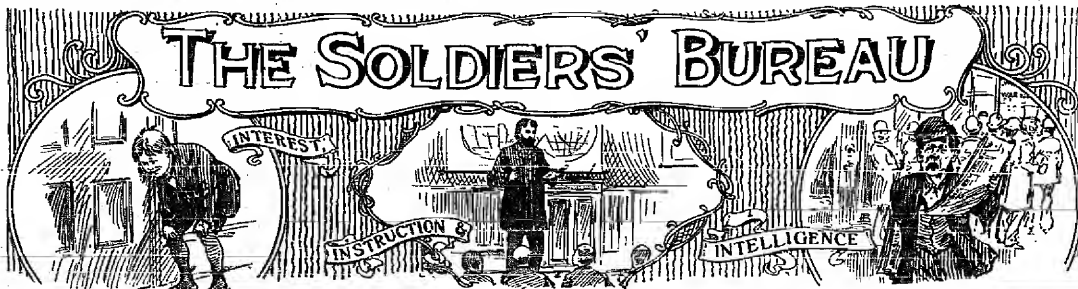
That God could use Luther. It was only when Paul could say, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me," that Paul could be used of God. A Christian Endeavorer thought he had offended a Christian worker, because there was not time for him to speak at a certain convention, and wrote him to that effect. He replied, "I never thought of it. I am dead," he said. It is when we are dead to self, and sin, and the world, that God can use us, and qualify us for Christian work by filling us with His Spirit. We must get our light, and life, and power from Christ. Someone has given us a picture which has been oft repeated of the lighting of the torches in the Holy Sepulchre at Easter-time. The building is crowded, I suppose, by a thousand or more of the members of the Greek Church. The patriarch comes—all is darkness, but they make way in

the throng as he passes along. He goes through the curtains into the place where the body of Christ is supposed to have lain, and waits—not a word, not a sound, scarcely a breath is heard. A full hour passes by, and the breathless throng wait there in the great, dense, darkness. Suddenly there is a movement; suddenly they see a spark, and out comes the patriarch from the sepulchre, out from the darkness, bringing with him light, a torch that is lighted. Instantly there are a hundred hands stretched out for it, and take the torch and pass it from hand to hand; torches are stretched out until they reach it and are kindled from it, until a thousand torches burn with the light that comes from the tomb of Christ. Out into the streets of Jerusalem, out into the highways and byways they go, and other torches are lighted from theirs, until the whole land glows with the fire that comes from the tomb of the Saviour. To close this lesson, let me ask you to come with me into the place of the death of Jesus Christ, until we shall be crucified with Him. May the very Christ that lay in the Sepulchre light our torches to-night and hold His torch out to this congregation until the light of God and the tongue of fire shall touch you all, that you may go out into the streets, and villages, and towns, and cities, of this and every other land, and the whole world shall be touched with the light of God, and the tongue of flame, and the fire of Pentecost, from the grave of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued.)

If you are pleasing God and your conscience, do not make yourself miserable because a few men are displeased.

"The spirit of Christianity is essentially a spirit of propagation; and everything in the constitution of the church implies a principle of expansion. A church (or corps) is, in fact, a Foreign and Home Missionary Society in itself, and every member a missionary. A member who does not seek the conversion of others, forgets one great purpose of his own, and suggests a serious doubt whether indeed he is converted at all."—Selected.



TERSE TOPICS.

The Soldiers' Year.

Nineteen hundred is consecrated in the Army, by its beloved and honored General, as a Soldiers' year. Every soldier must feel that there is a sense in which the eye of his leader is specially upon him from January to December. The General expects more of the rank and file than heretofore, and taking into consideration that the opportunities for being and doing the ideal of soldiery were never so wide and promising as at the present hour, we may also aver that our Heavenly Commander-in-Chief watches their achievements with special anticipation. Hence, this last year of the century should be regarded as a specially important one by our soldiers everywhere. It should be a year of definite soul-quickening, hastening the time when every soldier in every corps shall be a centre of spiritual life, shedding rays of holy influence as much at daily toll as in nightly meetings. Then, it should be a year of daily daring, storing every hour, as it passes, with memories of bravely conquered feelings, and unceasing search for souls. God help us to make our resolutions into realities—to resist wrong, espouse right, and win the lost with greater persistence, pluck, and patience than ever, fight real fight, and win real victory—in a word, become soldiers after our General's own heart.

A Lesson from the Front.

In a private telegraphic message to his family the last night in camp at Frere, before the crossing of the river, which was the first step towards the relief of the beleaguered LaLysmith, General Buller is said to have sent the following: "I don't know whether this thing can be done, but if it can I mean to do it." Commenting upon the momentous and difficult task which lay before him on the morrow, a reporter in the secular press points out the way in which he could sum up his own deliberate sense of the danger and risks of the undertaking and his own inflexible courage in these few simple words, adding, "It is a sentence that deserves to be remembered by men of English blood, whatever happens on the Tugela River." We would commend its spirit to every soldier of God's war. Acceptance of the danger, and daring to do in spite of it, is true heroism. There is no added courage in ignoring difficulty or belittling danger—it is foolishness to be blind to hardness, and but gives the devil the better chance to find us off our guard; but what the fight of faith wants is more of that spirit which springs in the heart of each individual fighter the resolve, "If this thing can be done, I mean to do it." Surely the soldiers of God will not let their determination for the cause of Christ lux behind that of those who strive for the cause of their country.

"Thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest," is Heaven's comment upon hourly heroism.

Private Excuse-me-always.

I AM compelled, much against my own will and feelings, to throw rather a dark mantle around this comrade; but, after all, such work can hardly be said to belong to my sphere, seeing my business is but to reproduce things as they really are. Therefore, gentle reader, if the mantle be a dark one, it belongs exclusively to Private "Excuse-me-always" himself—in fact, it has been actually manufactured by him. True, as you may gaze upon it you imagine it is made of different shades; but that is not so. A close inspection convinces you of the fact that the up-purparent different shades are in appearance only.

The real texture of the mantle which is worn by "Excuse-me-always" is pride, or, as others call it, worldliness, which makes him too ashamed of Jesus Christ and His cause to be known to be on His side. "That is very bad," you say. But listen, see how it is woven. There you see the thread of inability. When the Captain approaches "Excuse-me-always" with a request to visit Mr. So-and-So, who lives down the lane, street or himself, and ask for the loan of his hand-barrow to wheel away from the rubbish that has been got from the spring cleaning, he looks aguish and exclaims:

"Oh, Captain, I can't do that; he might ask me some knotty questions—you know he wants to know everything. Could you not get Brother Work to go?"

"God bless you," says the Captain. "I might have known he wouldn't go," he soliloquizes to himself.

He is unable to sell War Crys because he has always got some other important business in hand, so that it makes it comparatively easy for him when the Pub. Sergt.-Major would push a dozen Crys into his hands on Saturday night to say:

"Oh, Sister Jones, I would gladly take them to-night, only, you know, I have business to do down town, which must be attended to. Some other night, I may lend you a hand. Please excuse me to-night."

Take another look at the garment worn by our friend; there, that peculiar-colored thread is called "Want of Voice," is called upon to sing a solo, it doesn't much matter whether he is inside or outdoors in the open-air, he will put his hand to his throat and give his head a shake or two, as much as to say, "Oh, Captain, my voice is entirely gone, please excuse me this time"; but, alas! his time never comes, as all the old hands, such as the Sergt.-Major, the Color-Sergt., etc., etc., can tell you.

Another thread that is woven into the mantle of "Excuse-me-always" is what is generally known as "Want of Time." Why, it was only the other Tuesday in the Soldiers' meeting, that the Captain had announced his intention of doing the whole town from door to door with special invitation cards, making known a fortnight of special meetings, that Private "Excuse-me-always" was filled with rapturous ecstasy at the idea; but, alas! it was only for a moment. When the Captain had turned up the town, and was giving each soldier his respective number of cards, it dawned upon "Excuse-me-always" that in all probability he would be working late for the next fortnight or so. When the Captain got round his length with the distribution of his cards he was met with the damping assertion:

"I am sorry, Captain, but really I will not be able to take them; I believe I will be working late for the next fortnight. Sorry my time is so occupied, but I believe the attempted project will be a power for good as well as for rousing the town."

Then again, he will keep on saying that he has not time to manage to get to the open-air on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday, they assure you, is the only day of rest he has got, and does not the Bible justify him in his calculation? But he is just the same during the week—you rarely see him at an open-air. Of course, he works till six o'clock, and then, as he says, he has to walk home, take his tea, wash himself, and so on, that really he has not got the time to be at the open-air, although men and women in similar circumstances are doing so every day in the week.

Another thread may be termed "Want of Courage."

When the Harvest Festival was on the go, he got his collecting card, and, be it understood, that was the first step he had ever taken in that direction. The Captain was jubilant, and was bound to say to the Treasurer, "Why, Treasurer, do you know Private 'Excuse-me-always' has actually accepted his collecting-card? I hope he will do well."

"Well," said the Treasurer, "he will not have much difficulty in beating last year's, or, in fact, any year's, for that matter."

Still, the Captain kept on believing that he would do something substantial. Alas, for his anticipations! When the cards were handed in, all Private "Excuse-me-always" had got for the poor Captain was, "Oh, Captain, I really could not muster up the courage to go and collect!"

May God save you, reader, from ever getting into any such evil habits of excuse!

Don't Gossip

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance plucking the feathers as she went. The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers, which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. You cannot hope to recall more than a tithe of the damage you have done. Go, repent, and sin no more."

Commissioner Coombs on Opportunities

Oh, that we saw our opportunities! Oh, that we would only use the chance we have in every part of this country! You can't enter a public-house in this city, I believe, without finding someone prepared to listen to your message of salvation; you can't open up a regeneration, in train, tram, or market, about God and eternity without finding signs of the deep hunger of the Britisher's heart for God, even if, for the moment, you are answered by derision and infidel questions; you can't visit the homes of the people without identifying the most of their miseries, and wretchedness, and poverty, with sin in some shape or form. Action, action, action is wanted—inspired by a sense of the need, and directed and blessed by the Holy Ghost.

What a Soldier Should Know

WHAT IS OUR ANNUAL SELF-DENIAL?

This is a week set apart for actual denial of self, in some form or other, for the benefit of the work of the Salvation Army.

WHEN A SALVATIONIST SHOULD DENY HIMSELF.

The life of a true Salvationist is, in many respects, a continual self-denial, but during this particular week special acts of the same are suggested; the nature of such acts is left to the choice of each individual, but, as a rule, the idea is joyfully taken up, and often carried to an extraordinary extent.

WHAT MAKES HARD SELF-DENIAL EASY.

If you absolutely give up something which, by so doing, will bring profit to God's Kingdom, not because you are asked, commanded, or expected to, but on a cheerful, spontaneous expression of your love to Him Who gave His life for you, He will give to you in return some precious blessing suitable to your needs.

HOW THE SELF-DENIAL IDEA ORIGINATED.

In the mind of our beloved General, who was anxious to extend the operations of the Salvation Army to heathen nations, without either injuring the missionary efforts of others, or the ordinary collections of the Army.

WHEN SELF-DENIAL STARTED HERE.

The Self-Denial scheme was launched in this country, as an Annual Institution, in 1888. Each successive year, as its principles became better known, and its spirit more deeply rooted in the hearts of officers and soldiers, it has become forward with amazing rapidity.

WHERE DOES SELF-DENIAL MONEY GO TO?

The proceeds of Self-Denial are chiefly devoted throughout the world to the Army's distinctly missionary efforts, which now include war amongst twenty different heathen races.

GRUMBLERS.

They grumble in the morning, at noon, and at night.
They grumble when a thing is wrong, they grumble if it's right.
They grumble if the weather's warm, they grumble if it's cold.
And, strange to say, they always talk the dark side of the road.
These grumblers are a puzzle I never could make out.
They grumble if you're quiet, and dislike you about it.
Some grumble if we dance a jig, some grumble if we waltz.
Oh, dear! you'd think we're never right—
—they grumble all the while.

They bid me choose an easier path.
And seek a brighter cross;
They bid me mingle with Heaven's host.
A little of earth's doom!
They bid me, but in vain, once more
The world's illusious try.
I cannot leave the dear old Flag.
—'Twere better far to die.

CHASING THE DEVIL



GREAT BRITAIN

The General has, we are happy almost recovered from his recent As showing the love and esteem which our dear leader is held, the following extract from Euchar notes in the latest English Cry feeling aroused by the General's was intense. The bulletin-board had a more anxious-looking savers than on Friday, when stated that "the General had night, and was not strong." I this world know, and our critics what a strong current of tender pathy flows between the General his officers. Could they have paused me to the several Dope during mid-day, when scores of meetings are held, they would realized what we mean when the Salvation Army is one. I heart of one man, I. H. Q. did not to pray for their leader, and in a of a devotion too sacred for the person to appreciate."

Commissioner Coombs has been Scotland. The results were: burgh, 80 souis; Dundee, 50, gov. 11.

Besides our beloved General the influenza mite has attacked few of our Headquarters Staff. Others, the newly-promoted I. Rowe has been laid aside for week. Major Taylor, of the Y. Department, also had a sharp lasting several days, while Whatmore betrayed ominous having to give in, despite his efforts to ward off the attack.

A new barracks was opened at North Walsham. Citadel Company is in course of tion at Willesden Green, where citadel is badly needed.

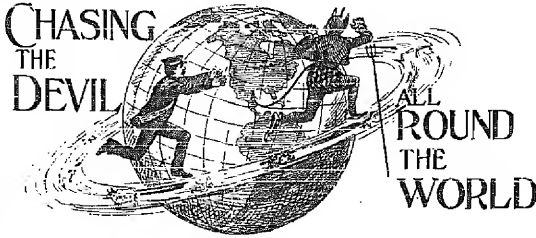
Colonel McAlonan has visited for Foreign Office inspection in place of Commissioner Howe was detained at Headquarters important business.

INDIA

The natives of Talampitya, are a peculiarly low caste, who are much down-trodden and deprived almost all civil rights. One grievance has been that they have been considered as quite fit for the office of village or district man. We have a good work those people, and, as a result of and persistent representations Government on their behalf Ceylon leaders, two have now pointed to headmen. One is a Corps Sergeant, who, by conversion was a notorious devil and heathen priest.

In the Central Indian Territory and Nuzul's officers are now seen less than six tons of grain were reduced rates, and in addition another ton gratis, in handouts absolutely destitute. These are the sole link with life to tens of thousands of natives; and the worse of the famine are yet to come.

There is not a single Cadet amongst our Native Indian Army. Home at Anand who does not know to read or write. In fact, many are in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh standards. The selected Candidates is made from a larger number of applicants, and we

CHASING
THE
DEVILALL
ROUND
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WORLD

The General has, we are happy to say, almost recovered from his recent illness. As showing the love and esteem with which our dear leader is held, we give the following extract from Uncle Paul's notes in the latest English Cry: "The feeling aroused by the General's illness was intense. The bulletin-board never had a more anxious-looking number of gazers than on Friday, when it was stated that 'the General had a bad night, and was not strong.' Little does this world know, and our critics imagine, what a strong current of tender sympathy flows between the General and his officers. Could they have accompanied me to the several Departments during mid-day, when scores of prayer meetings are held, they would have realized what we mean when we say the Salvation Army is one. Like the heart of our man, I. H. Q. did not cease to pray for their leader, and in the spirit of a devotion too sacred for the average person to appreciate."

Commissioner Coumbs has been visiting Scotland. The results were: Edinburgh, 30 souls; Dundee, 50, and Glasgow, 11.

Besides our beloved General the vicious influenza microbe has attacked not a few of our Headquarters' Staff. Among others, the newly-promoted Brigadier Rowe has been laid aside for over a week. Major Taylor, of the Editorial Department, also had a sharp attack lasting several days, while Colonel Whitmore betrayed ominous signs of having to give in, despite his gallant efforts to ward off the attack.

A new barracks was opened recently at North Walsham, and a Citadel Company in course of formation at Willesden Green, where a good citadel is badly needed.

Colonel McAlonnan has visited Berlin, for Foreign Office inspection purposes, in place of Commissioner Howard, who was detained at Headquarters by other important business.



The natives of Telemptiya, Ceylon, are a peculiarly low caste, who have been much down-trodden and deprived of almost all civil rights. One special grievance has been that they have always been considered as quite ineligible for the office of village or district headman. We have a good work among these people, and, as a result of vigorous and persistent representations to the Government on their behalf by our Ceylon leaders, two have now been appointed to headmanships. One of these is a Corps Sergeant, who, before his conversion was a notorious devil-dancer and heathen priest.

In the Central Indian Territory, Colonel Nurell's officers are now selling no less than six tons of grain weekly at reduced rates, and in addition distribute another ton gratis, in handbills, to the absolutely destitute. These "handbills" are the sole link with life to many hundreds of natives; and the worst effects of the famine are yet to come.

There is not a single Cadet among the forty in our Native Indian Training Home at Anand who does not know how to read or write. In fact, many of them are in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh standards. The selection of Candidates is made from a large number of applicants, and we are thus

getting the best material. They are all young, smart, and healthy-looking lads, who would do credit to any European Training Home.



1890 has been a year of progress all over the Territory. Two new Provinces have been invaded by the Army, our Flag being raised up in the historical cities of Venice, Bologna, and Pisa.

The Turin Training Home has given the most encouraging results, being the whole year a centre of Salvation Army life and activity.

The number of officers and soldiers has increased considerably.

523 souls sought salvation in the different corners.

The Harvest Festival effort brought an income double of last year's, and the Self-Denial Week has revealed a deep spiritual progress.

The Christmas dinner given to the poor in Turin is becoming an event more and more notorious. The most influential persons of the city, comprising members of the royal family, have given their moral and financial support for it.

All of which is proof that God is with our Italian comrades.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES

The latest English Cry notes: Commander and Counsel Booth-Tucker arrived in London last Saturday on a



The Two Lieut.-Colonels Evans
(Father and son), and their wives and families, of San Francisco, Cal.

short visit to International Headquarters. Three years ago our beloved comrades obeyed the call of their General at a moment of sorrowful emergency. They return to give an account of their stewardship, although the facts have forestalled and preceded them. These facts speak for themselves, and speak eloquently. They will be set out, no doubt, as only our American leaders can do so, at one or more of the great meetings they will lead in London.

Colonel and Mrs. Higgins, in the absence of the Commander, led the weekly

holiness meeting in New York. Seven sought the blessing, and a special collection of \$45 was taken up on behalf of the sufferers in India.

Lieut.-Colonel Brewer is paying a visit to the Shun Posts in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia.

The U. S. Week of Prayer and Self-Denial will follow immediately after the Soldiers' Boom.

Brigadier Brongie has been conducting some special meetings of Philadelphia III., assisted by Brigadier Gifford, Major Jennings, and Divisional Staff, with the Quaker City Band. About 50 knelt at the Cross during the campaign.



Secretary Jas. M. Hyde,
Of San Francisco, who undertook and successfully completed the "Historic Group" Photograph.

Odds and Ends.

The 2nd Worcester Regiment, now on its way to the front, spent a considerable time at Bermuda. But two attractions were presented to the men in their spare time—the canteen, and the Salvation Army. Hence it comes that practically the whole of the battalion have been more or less under Salvation Army influence. One of the Naval and Military Leaguers writes from Las Palmas, that on the voyage out quite a backsliders' boom has been started. Few opportunities have presented themselves for meetings, but the Christians on board have formed themselves into a "billion-bling brigade," and on the third day out of port the first backslider returned to God.

Major Allen's once presented an unusually animated scene recently. The cause was a 'sewing bee' in the interests of our Naval and Military Leaguers at the front. The dainty 'housewives' which they turned out were a marvel of unity. They contain strong worsted for mending Tommy's socks, khaki-colored sewing cotton, buttons, best court-plaster, a box of Hemocin, a hand-pencil, and goodness knows what other useful sundries besides.

Italian Notes.

By BRIGADIER CLIBBOHN.

Italy is keeping well abreast of the forward march of the great Salvation Army.

During the past year the two University cities of Bologna and Pisa have been opened, as well as Venice.

The Soldiers' Roll has considerably more than doubled during the past two years, and the feeling takes a firmer root in our ranks every day that the S. A. is the hope of Italy.

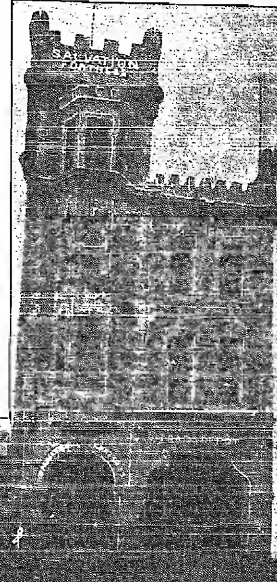
Our Turin Training Home is doing splendid work in turning out good officers for the Field.

It is also noteworthy that the Italian Royal family have commenced to show a marked appreciation of our efforts. We have just given a Christmas dinner in Turin to the poor, and among the principal subscribers were the Princess Letitia Napoleon, sister-in-law of the King, and widow of ex-King Amadeus of Spain, a Catholic princess; also the Pretet and Mayor of Turin, and the Duke of Aosta, who comes next to the Prince of Naples in succession to the throne.

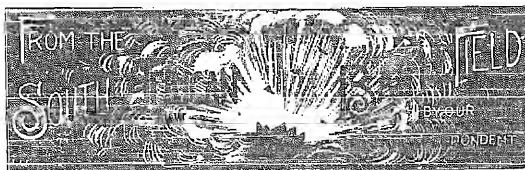
These are very encouraging indications to us of the hold the S. A. is getting on the public in this country.

As a specimen of the difficulties of the ground owing to superstition, a letter from a lassie Candidate informs me to-day that her father has just presented a revolver at her head three times, with the threat to kill her, and then do away with the rest of the family, if she insisted on going to the Training Home.

The police in many places are very favorable to us. In Leoborn eight policemen subscribed to the S.-D. fund this year.



Perth, N.S.W., New Citadel and Divisional War Office.



SIR ALFRED MILNER HELPS THE ARMY—NEWS OF OUR OFFICERS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Territorial Headquarters,
Cape Town,
December 13th, 1899.

Only those who are on the spot can fully comprehend the magnitude of the difficulties with which Sir Alfred Milner and his devoted officers have now to contend as the result of the present conflict between the two opposing forces, whose best interests are equally our personal study. There is no gaining the fact that war continues to play fearful havoc with our work, not only in those localities where the roar of cannon and the crack of the rifle are daily heard, and where all the accompanying horrors are in constant evidence; but throughout the Territory, and even here in Cape Town, far removed as we are from the actual strife and carnage, the obstacles to the free and full advancement of our Army operations are great indeed. The wonder is that we make any headway at all. Outside our ranks the excitement remains as keen as ever, and "war" is the ever-prevailing topic. Everybody's attention seems to be centred on the military, and as troops come and go the enthusiasm of the populace knows no bounds.

Except that business premises are compulsorily closed, Sunday is very much like any other day. Special editions of the dailies are issued; soldiers march and counter-march the streets; troops disembark from locomotives in the harbor—where all its bustle and activity—proceed to the local camp, or forthwith return direct for the seat of war; crowds are attracted to every covey of vantage, and Salvation Army songsters, like those of every other religious body, suffer not a little in consequence. Religion holds a very secondary place in many minds just now. This applies not only to Cape Town, but to all the military centres, in which the Salvation Army is strongly represented.

Again, people are beginning to button up their pockets to an extent hitherto unknown in "the land of gold."

Distress.

PERIOD OF ABSOLUTE DISTRESS HAS SET IN. POVERTY IS UNDOUBTEDLY ON THE INCREASE.

I, too, too, war is beginning to tell its unrepented tale, and it looks as if the New Year would be heralded with anything but glad rejoicing on the part of the masses of people, including those unfortunate refugees, who have already come to the end of their resources, and are wholly dependent on outside aid. Some of these are our own comrades, with whom War Cry readers will deeply and sincerely commiserate. As members of the Mayor's Refugee Relief Committee in Cape Town, the Commissioner and the Social Secretary are as active as ever, and the interests of our unfortunate comrades are safe in their hands. Mrs. Kilbey, also, is doing admirable service as a member of the Ladies' Relief Committee. In this connection it might also be mentioned that the Commissioner has initiated a proposal for a huge Christmas dinner to the poor of Cape Town. The local press has warmly backed up his appeal, and donations are flowing in pretty freely, Sir Alfred Milner and the staff at Government House having encouraged him at the very outset with contributions.

Brigadier Lush (Social Secretary), who has recently returned to Territorial Headquarters from a tour of inspection in the East, brings evidence in abundance of the distress now existing at Port Elizabeth and East London, in both of which places the Army is doing its utmost to cope with the difficulties that have arisen. At East London a portion of our Shelter is at present occupied by the refugees. The Women's Refugees' Home is in charge of Sister McFarlane, a soldier of many years' standing in South Africa. At Port Elizabeth a large number of men-refugees are being

fed and sheltered, and women and children receiving attention at the hands of our Rescue Officers.

Fabulous Prices.

THE PRESENT DISTRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA IS INTENSIFIED BY THE FACT THAT THE PRICE OF PROVISIONS IS ON THE INCREASE. MEAT IS BECOMING FABULOUSLY DEAR, AND THE CONSUMER, UNFORTUNATELY, SEEMS TO BE REAPING NO BENEFIT FROM THE PRESENT SUSPENSION OF THE DUTY THEREON.

Beef and mutton are more than double the price of a few years ago, and nothing worth eating in this line can be had for anything less than about a shilling a pound. Butter, eggs, bacon, and vegetables are alarmingly dear, and oil, which is so freely used in the cooking purposes, seems to be ever going up in price. Certain it is that the working-classes never felt the pinch as now.

All round it is a sorrowful picture, and the heaviest gloom of war can in no way improve it. To-day we seem to be as far off the end of the struggle as ever. "Victory and reverse, reverse and victory," sums up the situation. Those who imagine that the British troops would spend "a happy Christmas" in Pretoria and Johannesburg have had a rude awakening. A horrible and long-protracted business is ahead, and the probabilities are that thousands will yet be launched into eternity before peace is assured. Already hundreds of homeless here are desolate, but these are as nothing compared with what the future promises to disclose.

Our special officers are still pending away most nobly at the front in the face of great danger. Yet another comrade has gone forward to Naauwpoort in the person of Capt. Hooper, who, being an old marine, is not unacquainted with the circumstances which his new duties will bring with them. The Captain is now in touch with General French's column, and has already made a good start among the troops, some of whom are our own Leaguers. His meetings are being greatly blessed of God.

Ensign Hurley, who, with Capt. Shaw, is still at Estcourt, and in a very tight corner, reports: "Up to the present we have not on very nicely with the Boers."

S. A. Meetings in Camp.

"NO ONE ELSE IS ALLOWED TO CONDUCT MEETINGS IN THE CAMP BUT US. I BELIEVE GOD HAS MADE US A BLESSING TO THE SOLDIERS. HUNDREDS OF THE MEN BEGGED US TO GO ON WITH THE TROOPS. THEIR HEARTS ARE VERY TENDER JUST NOW. AFTER THE WILLOW GRANGE FIGHT THE DEAR FELLOWS CRIED LIKE CHILDREN, AS THEY BROUGHT IN THEIR DEAD AND WOUNDED."

"Many of them said they would live a different life after this war is over. I wish we could get through to the Dutch to nurse them. They are suffering dreadfully, I fear. This is going to be a terrible war."

Writing from Orange River, Major Swain says he and Ensign Scott are having glorious meetings in the camp. A young fellow was recently saved, and as the subsequent meeting turned up and proved publicly.

The Major and Ensign spend much time in visiting the wounded, and tell some sad and sorrowful stories. Our Leaguers are strong in number, and are of great assistance to the officers in a variety of directions. It is a great satisfaction to hear from both Major Swain

and Ensign Hurley that they and their comrades have been used of God to bring comfort and blessing to the wounded and dying soldiers of the Boer public forces equally with the British troops.

Adj. Murray, who is still at Pietermaritzburg, has now got into communication with the Pietermaritzburg, and added he then and her other comrades, is putting in some good and useful work among the soldiers.

Some of our officers have left with the troops en route for Kimberley, from which we hope shortly to hear good news, conveyed direct to us from previous comrades who for many weeks have been practically imprisoned in Lager. Their stories should abound in interest.

In Zululana.

In the face of stupendous difficulties, Major Smith, the zealous and faithful D. O. of Zululana, is keeping up the flag in that dark country. "So far," he says, "we have not been felled. Six more refugees to hand, so we are full now. British comrades will regret to hear that Mrs. Smith is in very ill health, and causing anxiety. Their baby, also, is ill at the time of writing. Jim Osborne Settlement is still comely, but closed, consequent on the war. The Major adds, "Ensign Hendy is still closed in, or I dread the other alternative. Have not heard from him. I am awfully anxious." Brantwell Settlement is close to the fighting. Hollet and Bath Settlements are all right, as they are out of the line of the fight. The Major adds, "Our trust is in God. If we fall, we'll fall at our posts, and, unless God allows it, not a hair of our heads will be lost."

This is exactly the spirit of all our beloved officers who are now in close touch with the combatants. There is no fear in any direction; only the strongest anxiety to do everything possible for the troops on both sides, and which will relieve in the blessed work which is being accomplished through their self-denying efforts.

We thank God for fidelity of Staff-Capt. Clink, our Social Representative at Johannesburg, who, for thirty-nine days, has been in the front line, and Brigadier Malmgren, the Chief Secretary, has communicated some very interesting intelligence with regard to this officer in his weekly notes, published in the current number of our War Cry, and I take the liberty of quoting these here in full:

In the Transvaal.

"We had almost given up hope of hearing anything from our Transvaal comrades for some time, in consequence of it being impossible that any correspondence could be got through. As a matter of fact, the Staff-Captain had written several letters to the Commissioner, but doubted whether they would ever reach him. They did not, of course, come to hand. We are thus doubly delighted to receive information as to the Salvation Army and its movements on the other side of the line."

"We gather from the Staff-Captain's communication, which is dated 17th of November, that his thirty-nine days of confinement in the hospital with enteric fever had left him extremely weak, and that he had been strongly advised to leave the Transvaal; but being almost the only officer left in Johannesburg, he anxious, if it is at all possible, to stay on."

"The Staff-Captain has visited the Social Farm at Driefontein, and found things in rather a wild and neglected state. Our Post Street Hall is to be converted, for the time being, into a school for poor children, and our Shelter in the Main Street is in use for a hospital for natives. The Rescue Home has been broken into and a quantity of furniture and other things stolen. We are pressed to rather that the officials are considering the Staff-Captain every assistance in trying to trace out the whereabouts of the Staff-Captain."

"The Staff-Captain has found out most of the Salvation Army soldiers remaining in Johannesburg, and visited them; also Lieut. Viljoen, and if he can get his permit extended after the end of November, which he hopes to do, he trusts to be able to conduct meetings. Adj. Ferreira, of Pretoria, is understood to be holding meetings twice a week. We hope to get news from the Staff-Captain later on regarding a visit he intended paying to our old friend, Piet Verroest."

We ask the prayers of our comrades

for Staff-Capt. Clink and those of our Transvaal officers who are still located. From some of them we have no news whatever, and months may elapse before the suspense is terminated. Meanwhile we fight on and take courage without wavering, assured that in His own good time all shall be well, and the dear old Army shall yet advance from victory into victory, even in quarters where war all is chaos and dire confusion.—(G. Stevens, Staff-Capt., Editor of the South African War Cry.)

DAD SLOSS IS DEAD.

"All Right," he said, Last Saturday Afternoon, Then Waved His Hand and Passed Away.

(From the London War Cry.)

Archibald Sloss, one of the most notorious hangers-on of her Majesty's reign, has come to heaven. The spent over forty years in various prisons and convict settlements in this country and Australia. One of his burglar-titles was "The ex-Duke of Portland," while serving a term in the convict prison of that name.

He was both

A Terror to Detectives

and prison governors; and it was often a question with Archie whether it would not have paid the Government to give him his liberty rather than keep him in prison. He received no less than 200 letters with the lash for various acts of insubordination as his poor back too terribly portrayed.

Seven years ago, while prowling in the vicinity of the city, meditating on his woe "John," he scolded into our Clerkwell Shelter, and was, for the first time in his career, "knocked over," not by the cudgel of the "pecker," but by the kindness of an Army Officer.

Next night he went back again, and heard the gospel of deliverance from the power of the devil and sin proclaimed by an old man. That broke poor Archie's heart, and as he has often said, "When I was in prison here and

Three Hundred Cuts with the Lash

could not do in forty years, the grace of God did in less than a minute; and He keeps me today."

Since then he has been a leading friend in the City Colony of the Army; but especially that branch of it he loved so well, namely, the Prison-Gate Home, at King's Cross. He had not a lazy bone in his body, and his thick, white whiskers, and somewhat, but stinging, frame, was for years a familiar sight between Argyll Square and the prison gates of London. He was respected and loved by hundreds of neighbors round the Home, but few understood the old burglar so well as Commissioner Chapman. Between the two there was a close and tender tie of sympathy.

His conversion meets all the fabled theories of heredity, for he was bred, born, and trained a criminal.

A fortnight ago the old man showed signs of extreme feebleness, but it was with difficulty that Capt. Robinson persuaded him to nurse his strength. Last Saturday afternoon the Captain saw that the end was not far off.

"Now, Dad, you are very low, and only God can help you now. How is it with your soul?"

With a smile on his thin, worn features, he replied, faintly, but firmly,

"Oh, it's all right!"

"Have you much pain, Dad?" the Captain asked.

"No pain," he replied, and, slightly turning his head on the pillow, he peacefully passed away.

The body of Dad Sloss was laid to rest with full military honors. Commissioner Chapman led the service at Congress Hall.

Better to climb and never reach the goal Than drift along with time—an aimless, worthless soul.

What if some godly plan has been shattered, or a hitherto unknown weakness of character brought suddenly to God's light? "Heaven is not reached at a single bound," and God is chiseling away the imperfections while the soul is becoming divinely perfect. God gave to humanity heaven's best—a perfect character—and Jesus, while on earth, made each commonplace footstep ring with everlasting glory.

A Jamaican Captain.

A SKETCH.

By ADLT. PHILLIPS.

Capt. Arthur Mullens is the tallest and most commanding-looking officer we have—and we have a few tall ones. "They tell me I turn after my grandfather in this respect," he says; "he was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Queen's army, a race-horse owner, and a notorious cock-fighter. He is said to have died an awful death, but I am on my happy way to heaven. Thanks be to God and the Salvation Army!"

The Captain's grandmother was a black woman, a slave; so that he is what we call "colored," and not black. But he shall tell the story of his life and conversion in his own way:

The Captain's Tale.

"I was born in Jamaica, so that this island is half the world to me—and the biggest half, too. The sea keeps me back. I began to serve the devil when but 14 years of age by learning to drink, gamble, swear, blaspheme, and to live in an immoral life. Still, I prided myself that I did it 'as a gentleman,' and being very careful to dress like one, everybody took me for such. Feeling that I was a bit above cultivating the soil, I started a small school in a district where there was none, and so got to be known to the Episcopal minister, who paid us periodical visits. After a while he gave me permission to conduct divine service in the school-room every alternate Sunday, and said that if I would but study theology he would make me his catechist, and would give me a regular salary. However, I thought this was too much of a good thing, and did not accept his offer. I used to read the prayers from the prayer-book, give out and help sing the hymns, and then read a short sermon, or half of a long one, from a sermon-book. Service over, I would light a cigar as the people went out, and then go round to the back door of a rum-shop (drinking-saloon) and drink, swear, and smoke for the balance of the Sabbath.

"My mother was always afraid that the minister would hear of my doings, but I don't think he was very spiritual himself, at all events, he used to smoke and drink, so could not say much to me.

"The story of my debauchery would be too black and demoralizing for public print. No horse-race, no bad room, was complete without 'Mass Arthur,' as they used to call me.

Almost a Murderer.

"I very nearly became a murderer once. I had been provoked by a man while drinking, and I called the Lord to witness that I would take his life. Snatching a gun from the hand of a by-stander, I attempted to shoot him, but the gun would not go off. Then I ran and fetched a razor, but on coming back I was stopped by a number of people, who held me down while they took it away from me. Then I swore again that he shouldn't live any longer than three weeks. But within that time the Lord, in His mercy, changed me into another man, so that I never carried out my threat.

"It was like this. The Salvation Army began its work in an adjacent district, and one or two of my friends, whom I used to gamble with, got converted, and would gamble no more. Then I heard that our minister had preached against the Army, saying they were anti-christ. So, of course, I felt the same thing, and determined from that time to upset them. I was too much of a gentleman, I thought, to behave like a blackguard at their meetings, so I sent for a man who I thought would undertake the job, and I offered him seven pounds cash, if he, with the assistance of others, would beat the Captain, smash up the drums, and pull down the booth they had their meetings in. But I'll be bound if they didn't get half of him, and some of his wet, and the next time I saw him he'd got up a 44. per yard turkey red jacket, which he called his uniform! So I determined to go myself, and took on extra drink to give me courage, and some cigars to smoke. But it seemed as if the Captain preached about me especially, and I said if I could only find out who told him about me, I'd pop his blessed neck! So I went away swearing I would never return! But I was there again the next night, feeling as miserable as I could, and yet laughing and mocking at those who cried for mercy, and some

who fell down on the clay soil, and soiled their clothes. I gave away some cigars to friends, and we tried to fill up the booth with tobacco smoke, but it seemed to make me worse instead of better. If I'd a revolver I should have been tempted to shoot the Captain, for I felt mad when he spoke of my sins, and spoke of us as 'young church members.' When I was going out he sent a parting shot after me. Says he, 'If you go to the bottom of the sea, God is there; if you make your bed in hell, you cannot get away from Him.' These were the words that made me run as if someone was after me, and when I got home neither run nor tobacco would drive them away.

The Remedy.

A woman came along and saw what was the matter with me, as I lay rolling and groning on the sofa. 'Send for the Army Captain,' she cried. And when he and the other Salvationists came and sang and prayed with me, the evil spirit that had possessed me all my life, and had grown bolder in wickedness, came out, and left me rejoicing in God's love.

"This was on the 8th night of July, 1888, and the first thing I wanted to put on was a bit of uniform, as an outward sign of spiritual grace. I joined the Army straight away, and began testifying at the meetings. Many predicted that I wouldn't hold out long, but I found God's grace sufficient. They said that to break off drinking and smoking so suddenly would ruin my health, but

A Run Through India.

By COLONEL MUSA BHAI.

(Continued from last week.)

You hasten from the Home to catch the night mail train to Bezwada, the Provincial Headquarters for our Telugu work—seventeen hours' railway journey, during which you pass through several large towns and scores of villages, gradually leaving the Tamil-speaking people behind, and getting amongst the Telugu-speakers. This is the sweetest of languages from the Dravidian root. The Telugus are exceedingly courteous in manner, very intelligent, but somewhat timid. We also work amongst the poor ryots or farm laborers. We shake hands here with Major Sukh-Singh (Blowers), who is in command of the Territory, and board the train for a thirty-six hours' journey by a fast mail train to Poona. The vast stretch of country traversed, with its millions of population, has yet to be worked by the Army. The fields are indeed ripe unto the harvest. Oh, Lord, graciously send us the laborers! The city of Poona is far cooler than any town or city we have yet visited. This is the Headquarters of the Moh-ratti Territory. Travelling amongst the villages where we work is very tedious and slow. The Moh-ratti are a brave, hard-like race, highly intelligent, and make very capable administrators. They have distinguished themselves as Diwans (Prime Ministers) of several Tributary Indian States, having their own Rajas (Kings). Our work here, as in other parts of this immense stretch of country, is amongst the poorest farm laborers. The Hindoos are very superstitious and bigoted in this part of India. It is only those who toil amongst these dark masses who can properly understand what superstition and bigotry in Hinduism mean.

Great Odds to Face.

It is impossible to convey any idea of what great odds have to be faced, and fought patiently for long, weary months, keeping the soul bright and fresh with Christ's love, before a few families can be captured for the Lord. Thank God, in the end there is victory.

The weary, up-hill toil has resulted in glorious victory for our flag. From the village of Delgaun, near Satara, would be the most convenient place far you to visit as a sample of our Moh-ratti village war.

The Poor Man's Village Temple is a curious combination in this part of the country. It serves as a sort of "Town Hall" as well as a place where the idol-god is worshipped.

Imagine to yourself what a triumphant day it would be for the patient white lady-officer who waited in this village, when she assembled her first few converts to worship God and His Christ in the very place where they, with superstitious fear, used to bless their idol-god.

Well, this happened some months ago. Since then we have made greater in-

I found the opposite to be the truth. Had I not stopped when I did, I should probably have been in the lower regions now, instead of being on my way to the regions above."

Capt. Mullens has been an officer for many years now, and has seen a good many ups and downs in Army warfare. It has not been an easy warfare, but he has had much to be thankful for. He has been brought before magistrates, persecuted for righteousness' sake, spat at, kicked, blessed, and cursed. On one occasion a wharfinger boxed him an eye side of the face, and then tumbled him to the river to bathe, and it has never troubled him since.

His wife—for he got married to a converted school-mistress a few years ago—is a willing helpmate, and one or two Juniors already form a part of "the proclaiming Army." Wherever they go and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, souls have been born into the Kingdom. And they ain't got weary yet. Praise God!

Yes! with deafening cheers and loud Hallelujahs, you would be greeted as you made your way to the platform, for did they not present their idol, three years ago, to Commissioner Howard, when he visited them, and are justly proud of their new Mukti (Salvation) temple.

Ten Years' Sacrifice.

It was amongst these people that Brig. Yuddu Bai (Bannister) ten years ago devoted her life to start the Army work. She mastered the language, and by patient plied, amidst stupendous hardships, and almost insurmountable difficulties, fought like a true Salvationist, until some months ago she left for her furlough to England. We have numerous corps, several Village Schools, and hundreds of converts. Her successor is Major Bahadur (Hunter). But we must hasten from this interesting battle-ground and our dear comrades, and board the train for Bombay. On the way we pass one of the most skillful pieces of engineering in India railways, it is not far from the world. The steep mountain ranges of Western Ghats are successfully threaded through by rails, and amidst scenery of wild grandeur we slide down by the speeding train to low-lands and reach the little island of Salsette, on the edge of the city. The mercantile eye of the Indian Empire: in fact, of the East. It is a lovely, but wicked and cruel, city. It is unique amongst Indian cities for a "babel" of languages. To a small crowd of 250 people in our Baric Bunder Hall, in the city, I remember once, while leading a meeting, having the address translated into five different languages, to make me many of the people present as possible understand the message of salvation. We should have spoken in no less than nine languages to have made all the 250 hear the salvation message in their own mother tongue! In this city Commissioner Higgins, the present Resident Indian Secretary, has his office, as it is a convenient business centre. We have meetings in our hall for English-speaking people. We look about the Headquarters, but find Commissioner Higgins' office as a sort of inspection.

Major Hira Singh (Gopal), one of our Indian veterans, now acting in the capacity of auditor of finances for the different Indian Territories, is also away, but his brave and devoted wife, Anurita Bai, welcomes us to his beautiful Bombay with a beaming smile, and shows us over the Rescue Home.

A drive on the tram through the city gives one a feeling of sadness to see these Christless multitudes absorbed in buying and selling and money-making. (To be continued.)

The Lamp of His Law.

The Final Passage to the Promised Land

Joshua iii. 7-17.

This marked day in the history of the Israelites was specially important in the career of the new leader. God promised that He would at this time give the people abundant evidence as to Joshua's Divine appointment to his task, and to prove that the same power with which He had invested the leadership of Moses was also given to their present commander. This was to be done by the mighty miracle which God would work through His servant, making him the channel of Divine power.

It was not the first time that the waters of Jordan had been divided. The river's depth was fluctuating—sometimes shallow and sometimes deep—and during spasmodic seasons had been known to fall very low. As with some of the other miracles wrought on behalf of the Children of Israel, the miracle lay not so much in the actual wonder as in the precision with which Providence ordained its occurrence to suit the people's need.

Plagues of flies or locusts might have swept over lands before, but they came as national catastrophes, while those which come upon Egypt were the punishment of oppression and the deliverance of defencelessness. Rivers' depth might have ebbed and flowed with the sudden outbursts of natural eccentricities, but here the water's timely separation twice opened a way for the feet of the chosen people from the wrath of their enemies, and the privations of the wilderness, to the land promised at God. And what made the miracle more wonderful was the fact that the dividing of the waters came at a time when Jordan was swollen and controlled by a specially strong and swift current. But disastatious circumstances make no difference to God. His power can as easily thrust back the foaming torrent as dry up the rippling brook.

How different was this crossing to that of forty years before, how many changes lay between the Red Sea and the Jordan. Then they had had their enemies behind them, and on altogether unknown field in front; here they had the wilderness of their long sojourning, sinning, and repenting behind them and the foe in front—but a foe whom God had promised should be delivered into their hands. The remembrance of God's mercy behind them, the promise of His providence before them—Israel had no cause for alarm for the present with such security of the past and foretold safety for the future.

CARTRIDGES—A SOLDIER'S TEST.

Dr. Talmage says he had a man in his church "once" (mark the once) who could pray by the half-hour, but never give one cent to the collection. We have just fixed up our receipts for the lost quarter's cartridges, and I have been thinking after all, the true test of soldiership and love for God is in the cartridge roll. Talk is cheap for some, and they give plenty; coming to meetings is inspiring, and they come often; while giving seems on the surface to be loss. Talk about loving life for His sake, we find a good many to-day unwilling to lose much cash for Him. Let us all look into our hearts and see if, after all, we are only giving God that which costs us nothing—no cross. If so, then are we becoming the subjects of "form without the power."—F. McK.

"Seekest thou great things for thyself?" said the prophet, "seek them not." Why? Because there is no greatness in things. The only greatness is in unselfish love.

as the lost news seems
ly relief of Lady Smith.
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be same time holding
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gaging the Tugela took
Homes, where Lord
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was opened which ap-
the heavy Boer gun,
ris moved 700 yards
continued their bom-
bally using 100-lb.
recently fired on the
lug two children and
The Boers are using
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air. Colonel Plumer
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He has three armor-
s troops.—General
of all arms has con-
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f the Orange River.
Dordrecht advanced
British outposts to
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st.—General Me-
ome activity again.
that he was to be
not been confirmed
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t, but has not gained
their line of retreat,
Boers attacked a
were repulsed, and
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were out off by the
g; two were killed
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Jail, died at Lady-
s rising of the as-
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b.
Ethel MacNichol.

THE WAR CRY.

THE COMMISSIONER
GIVES PLEASURE AND PROFIT
AT THE
CENTRAL PRISON.
ATTENTION! SOLDIERS and OFFICERS.
The General Wants:

The depressing dampness of the Jan-
nary thaw accentuated the dark outlines
of the dreary pile of buildings represent-
ing law's stern home. But within those
heavy doors and inner gate weather
fluctuations make little difference, for
the very cleanliness, warmth, and order
of these precincts are monotonously the
same.

Sunshine.

Sunshine from without has as little
power as gloom to change the sight and
sound of the prison interior, unless it be
by contrast; but sunny influences
within have just the same softening,
humanizing influences here, as in any
freer place. A bit of very welcome and
memorable sunshine glinted through the
prison walls the other night in Miss
Booth's long-promised visit. The en-
trance of the Commissioner, accompa-
nyed by Willie and Pearl, and a handful
of her Staff, with instruments of song,
erected a distinct, though subdued, ac-
cession amongst the uniformed occu-
pants of the spacious chapel. Dr. Gil-
mour told "the boys" that their visitor
needed no introduction, but, neverthe-
less, spoke a few words of courteous and
kindly greeting, which at once presented
the Commissioner to the prisoners, and
the prisoners to the Commissioner.

The meeting was essentially a bright
one—full of that contagious warmth of
feeling which a true Salvationist un-
consciously yields over the darkest and
saddest hearts. Words that were pray-
ed, and words that were spoken, and
words that were sung had a tender and
earnest ring which winged their straight
to the souls of those present. Enjoy-
ment and conviction strangely mingled
in the expressions of some.

Children Charmed the Men.

The sweet-voiced appeals of Willie
and Pearl have blessed many a crowd,
but we think they have never produced a
more profound impression than when
they sang to the prisoners. The very
presence of a little child breathes its
own aroma of holy influences, and the
unquestioned sight deepened the fur-
rows on one or two brows with lines of
almost painful interest, perhaps traced
by some pure recollection of the past.
Then the song that they sang—that old,
ever-new baby's hymn, "I think when I
read that sweet story of old,"—laid its
own finger upon memories of prayer-
circled childhood, which wove for some
the words, "It might have been so dif-
ferent."

Miss Booth's Reading.

The Commissioner's Bible reading was
singularly suited to the hour and place,
yet with sensitiveness of feeling, words
that would drag out the humiliations of
their hearers' present position, or particu-
larize the paths which had brought
them to it, were instinctively avoided.

"A Limitless Salvation" was the
theme—the all-ability of God to deliver
every sinner there, and to do it then
and now. There was breathless atten-
tion. Not a sentence of concise argu-
ment and telling illustration was missed
by a man. Real contrition was written
upon many countenances as the Commis-
sioner closed, while the faces of the
"sowed boys" literally shone with joy.
"Who will declare his determination to
seek God?" asked Brigadier Puginier.
The response was touching—seventeen
men stood to their feet in a very few
minutes, whom the Commissioner spec-
ially lifted to God's love and spe-
cially given in a perfect prayer. The final
demonstration of pleasure, as well as the
constant hand-clapping which had pre-
ceded it, spoke the appreciation of the
Commissioner's visit, and a wish for its
repetition.

POETRY.

Like summer-seeking birds that cross the
skies
In million high flocks, ten thousand poems
winz
Athwart the vault of thought; and up-
ward flies
My arrowed pen, and tells—one tiny,
wounded, trembling thing.
—Philip Verrill Mighels.

1. That every Soldier should re-dedicate himself to the living of a good, holy and Christ-like life.
2. That every Soldier shall be made responsible for doing his share in the work of sustaining certain specified meetings, and shall accept that responsibility.
3. That every Soldier shall accept the responsibility of contributing such portion of his income as he feels to be his duty before God and his comrades to the support of The Army.
4. That every Soldier shall, so far as health and strength will allow, accept the responsibility for doing a certain specified work, for which he shall report himself and be reported upon.



An Officers' Quarters, at Stuttgart, Germany.

THE WAR.

Salvation Army Officers with the Troops—
Their Aid Much Needed—An Appeal
for Funds.
(Special.)

Commissioner Kilbey and Adj. Mur-
ray have convinced the military author-
ities of the advantage of Salvation Army
officers accompanying the troops. Major
Swan is at the Modder River, Adj.

Murray is at Estcourt, and Capt. Hurley
at Frere Camp, while other officers are
elsewhere, and some are at Cape Town
ready for service at a moment's notice.
They are all eager to seize the chance
of confronting the soldiers, leading meet-
ings when the men are off duty, and
tending the wounded and dying.
Help, however, is urgently needed.
Commissioner Kilbey is almost at a
standstill for the lack of funds. Food
is at famine prices. Our officers of the
front have to pay for all they require;
the London War Cry makes an appeal
on behalf of this special branch of our
work.



Head

Colonel J.
on Sunday.
Three souls

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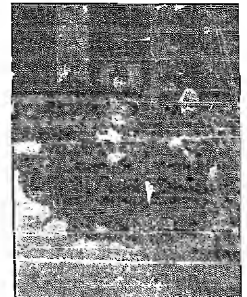
The Temp
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Mrs. St
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V V V
The alterations at the Temple are
going ahead very rapidly. The large
hall, it is expected, will be opened in
February.

V V V
The General Secretary and his Staff
are working night and day on the or-
rangements for the Commissioner's big
Massey Hall meeting. It is a frequent
occurrence to see the General Secretary
putting a class of children through a
drill of some sort.

OFF TO THE WEST!



Major and Mrs. Margrave and Family Leaving
Their Montreal Quarters.

THE WAR CRY.

FROM THE FIGHTERS AT THE FRONT

The Best Report of the Week

KALISPELL.—Our hearts rejoiced to see one precious soul starting for the Kingdom, when the invitation song was given out on the first Sunday afternoon in the New Year. Since our last report one of our little Juniors has passed into heaven, sheltered safe within the fold, and we pray God to bless the bereaved parents in this hour of trial. Our War Cry selling continues to be successful, and a dollar for one copy was given. The Judge of the Court here, being busy, neglected buying the War Cry. The next week he told us he was sorry he did not get the War Cry, as he missed it, and was very glad to have one this week. Mr. Courard, of the National Bank, buys two every week, and sends them to the mines. A gentleman returning from there told Mr. Courard how rejoiced they were when they saw the papers arrive. The man prophesied our War Cry, and he says it does a great deal of good. —Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Perrenoud.

A Good Finish to a Day's Fight.

BURLIN.—Scarcely had the invitation been given when a young man fell prostrate at the penitential form, followed by five other souls. After prayer and faith there came the shout of victory, for all are standing and singing together. "Home by-and-by when the journey is over." Thus ended our meetings for Sunday, Dec. 18th. We are certainly on the upgrade. Plans are being laid for a good, successful winter. —E. H.

CALGARY.—On New Year's Eve we held a watch-night service, when one wanderer returned to the fold. Since then two more have accepted Jesus Christ on their Saviour; many others are deeply convicted. —Sundowners Chas. C. Bishop.

Twenty Dollars to the Good

CAMPBELLTON.—Since Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson have taken hold of Campbellton corps they have worked hard, and God has blessed them in their labors. They reached both their H. F. and S.-D. targets, raising \$20 in advance of last year, this being the first S.-D. target reached in this corps for three years. The P. O., Major Pickering, and the Chancellor, are giving us a Sunday this month. —Emily White.

CHANNEL.—Although this past week there have been lots of ornaments around, yet our meetings have been well attended. Our Christmas Tree was a success. By it we raised \$12, to help forward the completion of our new barracks. Two souls since last report. —S. Mossin, Capt., R. Eldon, Lieut.

DIGBY.—Three souls have sought pardon. Lieut. Trarfon has come to help push on the war. Crowds and interest good. —S. Dakin, R. C.

DRAYTON.—Since last report we have been having glorious times. Capt. and Mrs. Kersewell came filled with the Spirit. Good meetings all day Sunday. We believe many souls were convicted, although none yielded. —Rose Cooper.

The Devil's Decoy-Ducks.

FARGO.—We have been having some special meetings, and God has blessed our efforts. We had an exhibition of the devil's decoy-ducks a week ago Thursday, which resulted in one precious soul getting gloriously saved. Last Thursday we had an auction sale of children. Crowds are good. Captain Banton has come to help on the work. —M. H. P.

GUELPH.—Had a grand week-end here. Splendid crowds, two souls at the feet of Jesus. Capt. and Mrs. Keeler have just taken charge, and are in for victory. —B. Flint.

HALIFAX I.—A few have been to the Cross this past week, which reduces our hearts more than anything else. —Wm. Caslin, Treas.

Returned Backsliders Dance for Joy.

HEART'S DELIGHT.—Sunday, from 7 in the morning till late at night, God was with us. We closed up at night

with two backsliders saved. How they danced when the burden of sin was gone! It was a real heaven below at Heart's Delight. We are in for victory here this winter. We have just welcomed our new officer here, God bless him. —H. Wiltshire, Cand.

HOULTON.—We are having good meetings and conviction is resting on the unsaved. Thursday night we had with us Sergt-Major McDonald, of Lewiston corps. We had a good meeting, though no souls saved. Good day on Sunday, with two souls for salvation. —Minnie Yondine.

MONTREAL II.—Capt. McNaney and Young have arrived at the Point to take charge. Sunday night Major Hargrove forewelled. Everything is in good working order.

A Jumble of Interesting Items.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Since last report we have had two enrolled; two seniors forward, and three young girls to take their stand for God; a wedding four worthy Treasurers and Captain Zieharth, the contracting parties, need less to say, a lovely time; two Christian friends to take their place as Salvationists; a successful Christmas Tree (the Juniors well pleased); a large watch-night service, and a rousing time afterwards; our temporal needs supplied by our comrades and friends; lots of rot; the asthma very severe; some nice mottoes from our beloved Commissioner, Brigadiers Sharp, Pugmire, Goskin; and news that Mrs. Ayre's mother was dying, but better news, for that there was a change for the better. —M. Ayre, Adjt.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Capt. Thompson, Piercy, and Doyle with us for Monday and Tuesday nights. Two souls on Tuesday night. Adjt. Mogee and Capt. Perry, after some months' hard work here, are farswelling. We are sorry to lose our officers. We believe they have done their utmost to promote the interests of the Kingdom in this town. —Minnie Pike.

Major Turner and Ensign Bale Wake the Echoes at Oshawa.

OSHAWA has just been favored with a visit from Ensign Bale, of the C.O.P. Staff. The Ensign conducted a good salvation meeting on Saturday night, when he taught us one or two new choruses, one of which the slaters sang in good style. The Sunday's meetings were splendid. Both crowds and collections were A 1. Monday noon we had a meeting at the Millbrook Iron Works, and a good number of the employees listened well to our singing and speaking. The Ensign hadn't finished speaking when the whistle blew, and the men had to disperse in all directions, but we had an enjoyable time. At night we had reinforcements in the person of Major Turner, who gave us a very interesting and helpful lecture on "Eight Phases of S. A. Warfare." Captain Meeks, of Brooklyn, who is a splendid sound for taking up a collection; Lieut. Carwardine and Reynolds, of Bowmanville, who gave us some good music and singing. Then there was the only and original "Dod" McCullough, and other comrades from Bowmanville. After this meeting Major led a soldiers' friends' meeting, in which he explained the Officers' Assistance Fund, being ably backed up by Ensign Bale. Tuesday night found the Ensign and Oshawa officers at Brooklyn, where we had a good meeting and splendid crowd, who seemed to enjoy the meeting. Lieut. Parker sang, and Capt. McConn spoke a few words. The Ensign gave an address on "Awake thou that sleepest." No sinners were converted, but we were blessed and Capt. Meeks, who has fought so faithfully for over three months close at this corps, was much blessed. —J. M. McCann.

PICTON.—Good meetings all day Sunday. The holiness meeting was an uplifting time, also the afternoon. Sister Ferguson (ex-Cadet Rogers) led the testimony meeting, and Boyd's brother took up the collection at night. One soul at the penitential form. —Lillie DeWitt.

PELLEY'S ISLAND.—Arrived a few days ago, and since then God has been helping us and giving us victory. Eight souls have been brought to Him. Many more are on the point of coming. We

are sure of success. Yesterday we buried Mary, the 6-year-old daughter of Sergt. S. Rice. God bless the bereaved parents. —Jim Jones, Capt.

A Fifty-Years-Old Bridgroom.

PORT SIMPSON makes more display at Christmas and New Year's than any other place I have seen, for its size. Our bandmaster, with his band of youngsters, went around the white men's part of the village, and sang their Christmas anthems. They commenced in front of the Methodist Mission and Crosby's Home for Girls, and everybody was pleased with their singing. Mrs. Fleury, the Government Agent's wife, had a cup of hot coffee and biscuits ready for them, which was the more welcome as rain had commenced to fall just after the commencement of the singing. The Methodist choir took the active part of the village, and did their part well. Nearly every house, as is the custom, had candles in their windows. I went over nearly half of the village and counted 840 candles, so there must have been at least 1,500 candles burning. Our bandmaster and one of the soldiers had the letters "S. A." formed by their lighted candles in their windows. Others had different designs. The village looked beautiful. We had a united watch-night service in the Methodist church. The Methodist missionary, Rev. S. S. Osterhout, Rev. W. Hogon (English Church Clergyman), Mr. Tomlinson and myself gave short addresses. Some of the Methodist and some of our people prayed. The large church was nearly full. It was an object-lesson of unity. We had our first wedding last Friday. The barracks was full. Everybody enjoyed themselves, especially the groom. He was 50 years old, or over. When he was asked to repeat the vows, he said, "I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment," he said, "I don't want anything to hinder me having this woman," which made the boys laugh. Nearly everybody has a hand to play them in a short time, and also to their graves when they are dead. One young woman got saved Christmas Eve, and has taken up her cross on the march, and testifies for Jesus. Our crowds keep good at the present time, but in a short time they will be going off to their hunting and fishing.

What Came of a Captized Canoe.

Ensign Thurlkildson sent mail down with an Indian and his canoe was captured. The man saved his life but the letters were lost, so in a short time of reports will never reach their destination. —Robt. Smith, Adjt.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Victory! Victory! Victory! Souls are being saved. Crowds are good. —G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

Quebec Comes to Light Again.

QUEBEC.—Sunday was a big day to our souls from 7 a.m. till midnight. Shots were flying in all directions and the devil had to retreat. Capt. Bloss has come to help us. Our crowd was very large Sunday night. Bro. Ross farswelled for the Tarasval. We are sorry to see him go. He has been a good soldier, and has nobly stood by the flag. We wish him God-speed, and may his light shine amongst his fellow-soldiers. Ours all said out. —Capt. Huxtable and Bloss.

RIDGETOWN.—The past week has been one of blessing. God came very near in our meeting last Sunday night and touched the hearts of the sinners. Five came weeping their way to the Cross. —Lieut. Kitchen, for Captain Halev.

A Record March at Midnight.

ROSSLAND P. C.—Since last report Brigadier Howell has said good-bye. Following came Capt. Hans' farswell, after eight months of hard, faithful work. Rossland's beautiful barracks shows her making abilities and business qualities; she did not "hold up" men for money out, but for their souls also. Christmas brought us a fine tree and its wonderful load of good things for the children. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage with us for the Old Year's farewell. Six out for purity and power, and two backsliders seeking pardon and peace. At the watch-night service we consecrated ourselves for more desperate fighting and

Major Turner opened with a swinging song, and conducted the preliminaries as well as the first number, and commissioning of Local Officers and Bondsman. There was a large array of these, and, judging from their appearance, Staff-Capt. Archibald deserves congratulations upon the choice of his Locals.

Brigadier Gaskin briefly explained the meaning of the S. A. Colors before presenting them to the commanding officer and Color-Sergeants, and then enrolled a number of recruits beneath its folds.

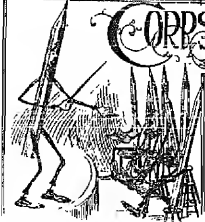
Speeches were called for from Major Horn, Major Collier, Brigadier Mrs. Read, and Brigadier Friedrich, all of whom "broke forth in Niagara of eloquence," or presented "bouquets of oratorical flowers," according to the announcement of the General Secretary, who followed suit.

Brigadier Pugmire read the concluding verses of the famous eleventh chapter of Hebrews, saying, in the light of those verses, even the hardest post in the Salvation Army would be easy and pleasant to him. He was going in the strength of God and was confident of victory.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the soldiers and officers present adjourned to the Junior Hall, where a very nice supper had been prepared by some of the sisters, and everybody did full justice to the occasion.

Brigadier Pugmire was visibly touched by this spontaneous manifestation of esteem and comradeship. May abundant blessings go with him to his new sphere of labor. —B. H. P.

CORPS CORRESPONDENTS' CONFIDENTIAL CHAT



Taking up the thread of what we were saying last week, we pass to one of the first principles of punctuation, a rule which is singularly little observed even by the writers quite correct in many other ways, viz., the use and abuse of capital letters.

There are three kinds of mistakes in this direction made by some of our reporters—and for the matter of that, by a great many who are not, but we are

dealing with ourselves now, and hence we will look at our own faultiness or praise-worthiness only, as the case may be. If other readers and writers find the cap fits, they may put it on.

The first mistake is by the man who capitalizes everything. The most insignificant parts of speech rank with the highest in his report. There is scarcely a word which he does not begin with a capital, and we have to go wading through the whole to discover what his ornamented lines mean.

Then there is the correspondent who goes to the other extreme and ignores big letters altogether. A very screwed-up meagre-looking report is his, taking just as much time as the foregoing to make out—to find where sen-

tences begin and where they end, and to pick out what is the name of a person and what is the name of a thing.

Lastly, and this is the worst of the three, there is the pen which combines the faults of both of these in a most distracting way. In this specimen of writing you find the name of a place, like Toronto or Halifax, written with a small letter, while a word like barracks or meeting has a flourishing capital.

So much for fault-finding, only enough to show the need of the following hints as to when and where to use a capital letter at the beginning of a word.

Use a capital for all proper names of people, such as General William Booth; of places, such as Toronto, Canada; of special titles, such as the Bible, the

Prodigal Son, the Old Testament, etc., etc.

Use a capital for all words that speak of God, whether King of Kings, Jehovah, Prince of Peace, Son of God, Holy Ghost, Rock of Ages, etc., etc. All other words which refer to God should also be capitalized, such as, "God's power was felt in the meetings, bless His holy Name."

Use a capital for all titles, such as General, Major, Captain, President, Mayor, etc.

Use a capital for points of the compass when representing special parts of the country, such as the ice-bound North, the beautiful East, the sunny South, or the fertile West.

Use a capital for the beginning of direct quotations, such as: The Captain said, "Now is the time to get saved," but do not use a capital for an indirect quotation, such as: The Captain said that "there was danger in delaying salvation."

Always use a capital letter for the beginning of a sentence.

greater usefulness, and at 12:30 a.m. we had a march. About 90 of the boys went with us. They love the Army and would make splendid Blood-and-fire soldiers in our ranks, but they are coming soon, some have stepped over the line lately, and are bright, happy fellows, and more will follow. Monday night a number of the comrades were commissioned as Local Officers, and one man knelt at the Mercy Seat.—A. C., for Capt. Gooding and Lieut. Long.

SELKIRK.—Sunday, Dec. 31st. Six meetings. One soul in the Mountain and others deeply convicted. Soldiers died at the quarters on New Year's Day. God bless our officers.—Mrs. Taylor.

Ninety Natives Have Found Salvation.

SKAGWAY scores Self-Denial victory. Warm-hearted followers of Jesus Christ, of other regiments, entered heartily into the effort. The Christmas War Cry well liked here. The supplicant adorns the walls of the humble cabins of lonely hikers. The native work continues in advance. Over 90 have sought salvation. Their singing is very good. White people much interested.—Adj. and Mrs. McGill.

ST. CATHARINES.—"Poor Mike," having got astray in his travelling experience, failed to arrive on Saturday night, as announced, so in place of him we had "A Night with the Recording Angel," and "Ensign W. H. Burrows, T. P. S." The Ensign was with us over Sunday. We had a beautiful time, with five souls out for holiness and two for salvation.—Lieut. E. Culver, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

SUDBURY.—Another week of victory. Christmas night found three seekers at the Cross. Our watch-night service was in time long to be remembered. Soldiers danced for joy, and we all pledged ourselves to make this year the best ever known.—M. Stephens, and J. McLennan.

SYDNEY MINES.—Last Saturday night we had a children's jubilee, which was a good success. Over \$7 income (not had for a little corps like this).—L. Doyle, Capt.

TILT COVE.—Lieut. Locke said goodbye after a stay of about six months, and we welcome Lieut. Flood. The past two weeks three souls have been saved, and we have smothered our S. D. target.—L. Smart, R. C.

UXBRIDGE.—Since last report we have had two cases of salvation. Both were hucksters, who got the victory again. Thursday evening we had "Living Pictures," and tableaux; and in spite of a big snow storm, quite a nice little crowd turned out. Interest is re-

AN OLD SOLDIER GOES HOME.

Saved the First Day the Army Came to Halifax.

A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

Death has been in our midst the past week, claiming for its victim our ha-



COMRADE
MRS. WARE,
Promoted to
Glory
from Halifax,
N. S.

tion she was to them. One soul came to Jesus for salvation. May the Lord bless Bro. Ware and family in their sorrow. —William Casbin, Treasurer, Halifax, I.

THE PRICE OF A SOUL.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

She came to the meetings night after night: Her soul was awakened—she longed for the light; But friends drew her back to the gay, careless world, And o'er God's best light sin's dark curtain lurled.

Still further and further they led her away: Till at length her poor soul was completely astray; Deeper the darkness than ever before, For, seeing the light, she neglected to soar.

Down, down she sank into sin's miry clay: Into worse follies she plunged every day; On the altar of Fashion she sacrificed all: To mad disregard for the end of it all.

But the end drew on swiftly, though she saw it not; The hours spent in folly their own reward brought; Laid low on a sick bed, she pondered her ways, And stern retribution encountered her gaze.

In vain they now sought to make peace for her soul; She cried, "Floods of bitterness over me roll: God's wrath is kindled; I trampled His love, Slighted the Gift that He sent from above."

Slowly she sank till the last hour was spent, Death o'er her couch with a hungry gaze bent. "Mother," she whispered, "bring here the silk gown With which you once praised me back to the gay town."

She clasped the rich silk in her poor wasted palm, While o'er her pale features had settled death's calm. She whispered, and out with the words her life stole, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!"

—Elsie M. Graham.

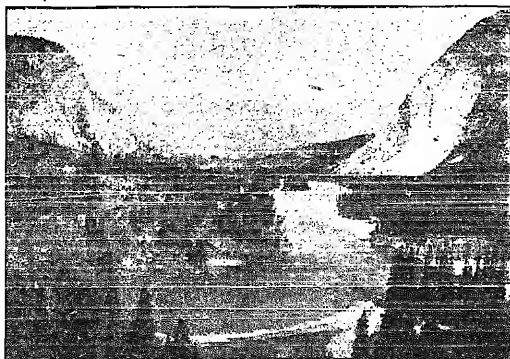


A Manitoba Stock Ranch.

living and meetings are well attended.—H. L. and F. X. O. G's.

WYOMING.—On the first Sunday night in the New Year one lassie came and gave her heart to God. Her testimony at roll call was, "I'm glad I turned to God and sought salvation, and when I sought Him I found Him." We are believing to make her into a soldier.—M. J. Carr, Capt.

loved comrade, Mrs. Ware, wife of Sergeant Ware, of this corps, but who resides at Cole Harbor. Our sister has been a sufferer for a long while, which she bore with Christian patience. She leaves a husband and six of a grown-up family to mourn her loss. She and her husband came to the penitent form together the first day the Salvation Army opened fire in this city, under Capt. Nellie Bonks (now Mrs. Adj. Maltby). Our sister, though unable through distance and circumstances to get to many meetings, was loyal and faithful to the Army, and to her blessed Lord. Quite a while before she died she was unable to speak, but was conscious, and when asked about her soul's welfare, would readily give reply by signs which she made with her hands that all was well. At one time, before she lost her speech, she thought she was dying. She summoned her husband and some of her children to her bedside, and told them she was going to be with Jesus, or words to that effect. Adj. McLennan, and Capt. Lamont, with a number of Local Officers and soldiers, went down to Cole Harbor in a sleigh. The service held in the house was very impressive. The funeral was well attended, showing the high esteem our sister occupied in the minds of the people. After a short funeral service we committed our beloved comrade to her last earthly resting place. The memorial funeral march and service were very touching and affecting, many being in tears as the meeting went on. Several comrades testified to her faithfulness and what an inspira-



A British Columbia Valley.



THE LATTER RAIN.

By GEO. D. WATSON.

The only true insight into nature is that which we get through the illumination of grace. There are three vast kingdoms of nature, grace, and glory; and corresponding with body, soul, and spirit, and all three of these kingdoms are built on one pattern in the divine mind. Every law in the natural world has an exact counterpart in the spiritual. Day and night, winter and summer, verdant hills and barren wastes, mountains and valleys, and all other forms of creation are like thin gauze veils, under which God hides the semipalmes of great spiritual truths in the upper kingdoms of grace and glory. An angelic mind, from the heights of glory, can look down through all the ranges of mind and matter under him, as into the celestial depths of crystal waters, and behold the marvelous unity of the Creator's ideas, from the top to the bottom of creation. Thus God arranges the showers of falling rain in the land of Palestine, as a type of the operations of grace. He fashioned the land of Canaan to be the model land of all lands, to contain the seeds of all sowing and all harvest, to be a miniature world in itself, and so He fashioned the coming and going of its rain-clouds on

A Spiritual Pattern.

to beautifully adumbrate the movements of the Holy Ghost. For just what rain is to the earth, the Holy Spirit is to the soul. All through the Scriptures we have allusions to the early and the latter rain, and these rains are used as types of the Holy Spirit. (Joel ii. 23; James v. 7.)

The Lord announced for two special rains in the land of Canaan. One in the early Spring, when they planted seed. This early rain was to give to the earth a good sowing, and cause the seed to sprout and grow, and give the vital forces a good propulsion on their annual journey of growth. The soil of that land is very fine and heavy, and a good rain will last about three times as long as in countries where the soil is lighter. Then there came a long, dry spell of several weeks, allowing ample time of

Clear Weather for the Cultivation

of the crops. Then there came another copious rain to give the grain full time to re-inforce the exhausted forces of the grains and fruits, and to fill out the ears of corn, and the fruits, with an abundance of sap. Then the latter rain passed away, leaving the bright, warm sunbath to mature and mellow all the harvest, and giving beautiful, cloudless days for the reapers to work in. Hence we learn in the life of Samuel that it was an extraordinary phenomenon for it to thunder or rain during harvest time.

These physiological arrangements for rain in the Holy Land are wonderfully illustrative of the operations of grace in the individual believer who is living in the Canaan life. For it must be remembered that all God's analogies have a startling exactness in them. Thus the physiology of Egypt is a type for persons living in the Egypt state; and the climatic and weather conditions in the Arabian desert is a type for those living in the wilderness condition; and so the weather and crops in the land of Canaan are a type for those living in the Canaan condition of soul. When a believer first enters the sanctified state, he is wonderfully inundated with a spiritual rainfall of the Holy Spirit. This is designed to perform the same work in grace as the early rain in Canaan, namely, to thoroughly moisten all the seeds of Bible truth which have previously been planted in the mind, so as to make them expand and rapidly grow in the soul, and also to give all the heart and understanding a thorough saturating with supernatural principles, affections and discernments. Hence it is a common experience, that when believers receive

The Baptism of the Spirit,

latent truths in the mind suddenly sprout and expand into amazing verdure and beauty. A supernatural freshness comes into all the faculties, agreeing with the sudden verdant verdure that

breaks forth on earth after a spring rain. This early rain fills all the fountains of the heart with heavenly love and light. The soul is full to overflowing with tears, and smiles, and songs, and tenderness, and a sweet zeal, so that it is like a tree just after a rain, everything that touches it brings down the glittering drops from the verdant leaves. This is the rain that sows the seed of God's word deep in the soil of understanding, now makes every latent germ of life start into vigorous growth. Then comes the period of cultivation of all the various crops of grace, a period of sowing, of apparent sameness in the days, without special phenomena; without any signal deviations from the plain path of simple life. No moral earthquakes, or thunder storms, or special floods of emotion, but the days follow each other calmly. The soul settles down into

A Steady Walk of Faith.

(To be continued.)

COMPLEXNESS.

By STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

How complex many matters are—everything, at times, seems to tangle, and the best-laid schemes "gang agley." Theorists of to-day are not able to give a satisfactory explanation to their own minds as to the reason of events. We who toil for the Master in the great field of battle which the Army affords us, cannot help but see and feel the very complex condition of life around us. We are often in the midst of infinitely perplexing conditions, and the problems of the times are hewily and increasingly complex, as our circumstances or commands reveal them to us.

Sometimes the whole fabric of life seems mixed in the spiritual world; you find the spirit of strife predominating the good, and nations seek to settle wrongs by wars and bloodshed. Business, with the major portion, is a lottery and a perplexing game of chance; a few succeed, so many fail, money is engulphed, time is wasted, talents are lost, hopes blighted in the complexity of business life.

Human life, with the millions, is often full of turmoil, unrest, and dispute. So few peaceful, happy, useful homes we enter in our visitation. There are so many hidden skeletons in the closets, so many onerous heart-aches over loved ones at home, so many wandering boys and wayward girls. Yes, the home without Christ in each member is fearfully complex. The heart without Christ possesses the elements of a volcano which is liable, at any time, to erupt forth its fury and produce streams of lava which will hurt every good and noble purpose of life.

Why all these Tangles?

How much we find in the spiritual life which tangles? What officer can say, "I have never found a tangle in a complex, or a misunderstanding, or a complex difficulty which hode for to wreck the good and hinder the soul-saving and soul-troving in the hearts of our people?" Oh, the snarl thistles which grow with the wheat and pierce our often weary hands in the binding of precious aboves for the Master. How often the question presses our hearts, "Why are things so complex and difficult to solve?" Is it because the schemes of sociology are not received and worked out? No. Reformation is not the necessity of life. Regeneration is the requisite. Man's work alone in uplifting the masses is not, nor ever shall be, satisfactory. The work is Christ's, man is the instrument. Chaos will ever prevail until God speaks, "Let there be light." He only can bring order out of confusion. He only can disentangle the web of our lives and make it smooth, plain, beautiful, and agreeable. We, and all our surroundings, are the work of His hands. If we take ourselves out and undertake to do our best, we only mar His handiwork and spoil His effort and effect. Oh, how long are we to get this lesson by our experience! Of ourselves, we are failures. In Him is all true success. What mighty complex matters the Almighty has handled concerning man, his fall and his redemption. In His trial with Israel, and in hundreds of complex matters, He has shown His wisdom and strength. Has He not promised to be to us our Wisdom, Strength, Comforter, and Guide? Will He not give us the courage to take hold of matters of a complex nature, and be to us Wisdom in straightening them out? If we are in

His hands there will be no complexity but what His grace will prove sufficient to disengage. With Him our lax understanding is quickened, and we find in His way the solution of many difficulties which hitherto would have swamped us. Yet how little, after all, these years of service, we really know when we look at the promises of the Almighty given to all who love Him, backed up by Almighty strength and grace.

In Him is No Darkness.

In Him is no darkness, no occasion to stumble, no doubt, distrust, or dismay. All these things He takes from the sinful nature and replaces them with faith, trust, assurance, and love. With Him life and service becomes bright and beautiful, and the longer we live the more so. There is no complexity in the law of unity. Everything of a complex nature had to be adjusted before Pentecost came to the early-day comrades in the upper-room. They were with one accord in one place, all will speaking, love of position ("We shall be greatest?") judging, and condemning, done away. All doubt, discord, and distrust centered. Fellowship one with the other prevailed. The blessed unity of the Christ was felt in the bonds of peace, in honor preferring one another. The officer gladly becomes the servant of all men, and no more feeling "holier than thou" existed in their hearts. No disappointment at the appointment received from Headquarters. It was the joy of the poor, dying, sin-cursed world, that they rolled up in their bosoms: a Calvary love, a passion for souls, that brought joy from the complex tangles given into their hands by the Almighty God to straighten out and amend. Oh, the joy of service in this capacity. What a comparison is this with life around us. Almost every man against every man, or every man for himself. The big fish eating up the little fish. The strong overcoming the weak. Capital overcoming labor, and human depravity rejecting in the downfall of the good. Such is life as we daily find it, complex and sinful. What a glorious calling to be associated with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in unraveling this great tangle. To live and toil in His name, gladly obeying His word. "Cast your net on the other side," simply obeying, a miraculous discovery of fishes. This meant a change. The Army is a new code of things—new modes, new measures, all for the one object, and all for Him. "Behold, I will make all things new"—new thoughts and new ideas, new means and ways of spiritual locomotion for the making known to others the way of salvation. We are a young people, and have much to learn, for in the spiritual life comes the birth-pangs and pains, but there will be life, and that life with Him. Glory! In the service we joy. Zeal. We find many things complex and hard for the finite mind to comprehend. "For now we see through a glass darkly (in a riddle), but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known."

BE STRONG AND OF GOOD COURAGE.

A Rhyme for Young Beginners by an Old Soldier.

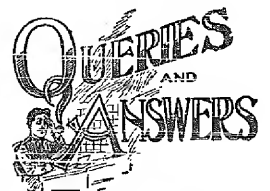
Persevere, O young beginners,
In the way that leads to life.
Since you've left the path of sinners,
Firm maintain the ceaseless strife;
Shun the thought that tends to evil,
Be it strengthens into sin;
That's the plan to foil the devil,
There is where his tricks begin.
Now resolve to have perfection
In its deepest saving power,
Cleave to God for full direction
In the darkest tempest hour.
Look with solemn, deep suspicion
At each restless, murmuring thought,
Lest it bring you in defection,
And your Saviour be forgot.
Lurking thoughts are wait to betray you
From the pure celestial road,
With the tempter, armed to slay you,
Watches you decline from God.
Bring your thoughts in full subjection,
Though you find the task is hard,
The omnipotent protection
Will your helpless spirit guard.
Then upon the Lord relying,
Peace eternal reigns within,
And, the power of hell defying,
You can triumph over sin.
Faithful yet a little longer,
Trials here will soon be over,
Hope is bright, and faith is stronger,
Soon we'll reach the other shore.
Conquer, though it cost a struggle,
Deep, and dark, and solemn, too;

Well repaid for all your trouble
When you can yourself subdue.
In your latest are your trusters,
Langued with hell, with vengeance
fraught.
Satan's bold administrators,
Ready to betray each thought.
All these appetites and passions,
What a conflict to subdue!
Yet, through faith in God, and patience,
I have conquered—so can you.
Oh, the peace when once delivered
From the last eternal foe!
Satan's hands for ever severed,
Hallelujah! conquer now!

THE PALACE OF GOD.

We read enough about the palace of God to fill us with adorable expectation of unmet dignity and most intimate, homelike love. If simple souls are in danger of being lost in the splendid city of God, where the ramparts are gems and the streets gold, where the river of life rolls down between avenues of immortal verdure, where the translucent sea reflects the range of white-robed harpers and golden harps—if we somewhat fail to rise to the glory of eternal noon, eternal Sabbath, and eternal song, then we are reassured by the words of the homeliest comfort, such as tell how the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; how their clothing shall be white and clean; how the Lamb shall feed them and lead them, and God shall spread His tabernacle over them; and how a new name of sacred endearment shall be whispered into every ear.

It is possible that faithful men and women should read such words with any thought, without having many a word longed purged away, many a hidden meanness put to shame, the whole tear and tendency of our emotions scorched and purified, yet made to be far brighter and deeper than before, and brought to resemble that crystal sea of which we read that it is as pure as glass, and yet bright and intense as fire?—Rev. Geo. A. Chabwick, D.D.



We are prepared to answer questions and give information upon any subject as far as it is possible for us to do so. We will answer questions about rules and regulations, difficult subjects of Doctrine, as far as this is necessary for spiritual growth, about personal troubles and perplexities, or regarding general points of interest to the majority of readers. Write us frankly. Whenever a reply is such that it should be given quite confidentially, we will answer by letter, if you enclose postage stamp. We would not use your name in print, but all enquirers should sign their full name and address, as a matter of good faith.

Capt. S. R. QUERRY I. Is it honoring the Army to march the streets with one soldier, after being fourteen years in the town? ANSWER: That depends on how it is done. We might ask another question with you: Was it honoring God when Pts. Roy was left even without one disciple, after three years of miracles and holy example, on His weary march to Calvary?

QUERRY II. Is it right for officers to tell the people that they have nothing to eat, and that Headquarters cannot help them in that time, while we say we feed the hungry? ANSWER: We feed the hungry who have no means to earn a living, and we endeavor to give them a chance to earn it. Every officer has a chance to earn his living by faithful service in the Army, and if he cannot get sufficient food with the opportunities, it is an intention that he lacks that which makes successful leaders of men. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," so an officer has a right to request to be supported by his soldiers and congregation. There may be isolated cases when want of food cannot be blamed on lack of endeavor to get it on the officer's part, and in such cases Headquarters, directly or indirectly assists.

QUERRY III. What is the best answer to give to people when they throw these things into your face, and won't help when you ask them? ANSWER: Pray with them, and so and see some body else.

Financial Secretary's Siftings

Forgotten the Cry this quarter, did you say? Well, no. Nothing to report there, is that it? Well, that's just where you're mistaken again, for this has been the

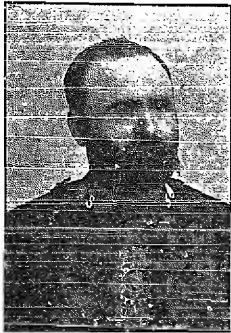
Best Quarter for Box Money

For some time, in fact, since 1897, as you will see if you care to read down this column.

Well, what is the reason you have not reported, then? It is just this: Since the Social Secretary forewielded the F. S. has been acting in

A Two-Fold Capacity

and has done the work of the S. S. In addition to his own, which has kept him busy all the time, but must now say a few words about the friends of Lazarus.



Major Collier, Financial Secretary.

Last quarter the query was, "Will Ensign Andrews be allowed to hold the position he has taken, and lead the 'Territory'?" and we also predicted great things from the Western Warriors, and now the position has changed, the Westerners have

Captured Andrews' Position

and lead the way with \$267.43, or an increase of \$83.31, on last quarter. Fire a volley for the West! Ensign Ottaway, in addition to her own work, has been assisting with the collection for the new barracks in Winnipeg, in fact, most of her time has been spent at that; nevertheless, she has found time to gather up in her six corps \$11.85 for Lazarus.

Ensign Perry, for his part of the Province, has done the magnificent sum of \$136.58. Well done, my hearties, I'm proud of you.

Know you are anxious about the Eastern champion, and want to know what caused his downfall this time, and to what extent he has suffered. Well, you see, he

Went to Bermuda

early in December, or, at least, some time before the quarter was finished, and had to close up his quarter's work early. Still it is a chance if he could have held his own against the fearful odds of the West. He has, however, gone over last quarter's amount, and sends \$249.49. Bravo, Eastern Province!

We hoped last quarter that the C. O. P. would rise to first place, or, at least, keep second, but

That Strategic Move

of the two Western Warriors has let them down one more, and they now occupy third place, yet they have an increase on last quarter of \$15.33, which brings their totals up to \$199.42. It is a pity they did not get the even \$200. The D. F. S. got \$74.44, and the T. F. S. \$124.68. Watch them next quarter. Will they lead?

I am sorry to have to report that East Ontario has met with

A Rather Serious Reverse

and the loss in date is \$16.25 on last quarter; the total returned amounts to \$14.63, but Ensign Parker is too brave a general to give in over one seeming defeat, and will form his forces into fighting position again. Let us hope that ere the end of March he will have gained a great victory.

Yes, I quite agree with you that West Ontario should occupy a much better position than they do, but, you see, circumstances have been against them. They have been

Fighting Without a General

for some time, and the present one did not arrive until late in the quarter, but now that he has been over the field and strengthened the weak places, they will make a forward movement right away. They captured \$38.38 as it was, and already, during the first two weeks of the new quarter, he has more than a quarter of that amount to hand. They "Hoddl" (Hott) to be behind again.

The Pacific Province. Oh, yes, that is in the far West, and is the farthest from the place where the sun rises, but it remains light there after some of the eastern places have become dark again. The

C. B. M. General is a Strategist

at the business, and will, we hope, do something worthy of the west this quarter. \$83.07 are his figures for December, which means an increase of \$15.46 over last quarter, so you see the sun is rising, and I fancy that both East and West Ontario will need to keep a-moving to keep out of the way by March 31st.

Sorry to have to report Newfoundland not to hand yet, but the distance from the war office, and the inconvenience of getting mails, especially at this time of the year, has made it

Impossible to Get Returns

to date. Yes, I think this is all to-day. Oh, by the way, I almost forgot to tell you that the total, without Newfoundland, was \$1,010.40, or an increase on last quarter of \$70.96.

Good-evening, air; call again.—T. H. C.

What Think Ye of Christ?

Answers by Great Men.

Salvation clothed in our flesh.—Sibbes.

A Jew first;—Cosmopolitans afterwards.—Dr. John Duncan.

The personal Unity of authority and grace.—Martineau.

The Creator of the eternal religion of humanity.—Rennan.

The Guide of our pilgrim troop in quest of a holy land.—Martineau.

The Fulcrum of Deity framed in the likeness of humanity.—Martineau.

The Incarnation of the law, the incarnate Conscience of the race.—Martineau.

The Jacob's Ladder upon Whom the angels ascend and descend.—Sibbes.

Christ is the River of Forgetfulness in which bygone guilt is overwhelmed.—F. W. Robertson.

The overflowing Word; the deep and beautiful soliloquy of the Most High.—Dr. Martineau.

The Mediator through Whom alone the soul is drawn up into the embrace of the Divine love.—E. H. Sears.

The one Catholic Man, the one Ideal of humanity, for Whose presence in, and action on, history none of the known forces that enmesh in the moral and spiritual worlds can account.—Rev. C. A. Row, M.A.

Jesus, the Word of God made flesh; the Worker of amazing miracles upon the bodies and souls of men; the Conqueror of sin; the Saviour by suffering; and, behold all these, and for the purpose for which He is all these, the Redeemer of man into the Fatherland of God.—Phillips Brooks.

The Divine Image in the Father, the Elder Brother, the Sinless One, the Friend of sinners, Who went about doing good; never sparing rebuke, yet to Whom all would soonest go for confession; Who called His chosen ones not servants, but friends, and having loved His own, loved them to the end.—Professor Jowett.

'Behold! Come Quickly.'

A WARNING TO SINNERS.

By CAPT. HURST.

The people of Medicine Hat have once again been impressed with the solemn fact that life is short, and that death is sure, and no respecter of persons.

Scarcely had the New Year dawned upon us, when the dreadful news was brought to the quarters that a young man, who had attended our meetings so often, had been called to meet God. He was a man of fine appearance, strong and healthy, and to look at him as he sat in the meeting on New Year's Eve, we would have thought he had years before him, and no doubt that death was the last thought in his mind. He went out with the crowd as the prayer meeting started, little thinking it would be the last time, but God willed that it should be so. Before 7:30 the next morning he was in eternity.

The sad affair cast quite a gloom over the town, and, I believe, made quite an impression on the young men of this place. He was a bookman employed on the C. P. R., and while working around the cars he was suddenly struck down, and the question that comes to us all through this sudden death is, "Am I prepared to meet death?" and, "Is it well with my soul?"

I trust that those who read this (if unavowed) may decide at once and make sure work for eternity. The devil tries to persuade men and women that there is loss of time, but God says, "Now is the accepted time." Delays are dangerous. Don't neglect your soul's salvation. "Not to-night," may mean never. Sinner, beware, lest Christ, coming suddenly, shall find you sleeping in your sins. The devil tries to rock people to sleep, and, oh! how many wake up to find the door of mercy has been shut; and thousands to-day are crying, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." It may be your case if you don't decide for Christ NOW. May He help you.

There's only one step between you and death.
There's only one step between you and death.
Then sinner flee to Calvary
And seek a pardoning God.



Sgt.-Major McPherson, Special Correspondent, Ghaz Bay.

What a B.C. Army Soldier Says About the "Life of John Read."

I have read your book through and enjoyed it very much. I have been lending it to my neighbors, and they think it a very good book. Brigadier John Read merely was a real Christian man. I remember him well when he was at Mt. Vernon, B. C. I hope you will be able to sell thousands of those books, because they will do a lot of good. It does me good to read the book, it renews my desire to be a follower of God and the Salvation Army.

TWILIGHT.

Like Ruth, she follows when the reaper. Dn't.
Leta fall the tender shadows in her way;
Then—winnowing the darkness—home again.
She counts her golden grain.

—John B. Talh.



THE GREEKS.

CHAPTER XXV.

GREEK UNDER ROME.

For three hundred years Greece formed several provinces of the Roman Empire, garrisoned by Roman troops and under the direct rule of Roman magistrates. There was some semblance of self-government left to the cities to keep the people contented.

About the year 300 A. D., the barbarian nations of the Danube threatened to invade Thrace and Thessaly, and made occasional raids into rich villages which they robbed. The Roman Empire at that time was getting weaker, and was beyond the power of one man to keep such an extensive territory in subjection. He, therefore, divided the Empire into two parts, making his friend Maximian, Emperor of the East, over the Greek-speaking half, while he retained the West, or Latin-speaking part.

The two halves were again joined under Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. He considered to be more in the centre of his territory if he moved his capital to Greece, and he selected the ancient city of Byzantium, which he beautified and re-named Constantinople.

Another Emperor, Julian, a cousin of Constantine, was so fascinated by the ancient philosophies, still taught at Athens, the city of learning, that he seriously thought of again enforcing the old heathen ways and worship. He was, however, killed in an expedition against Persia, and the old idol-worship soon fell into disuse.

Christian Bishops were appointed to every city, and these Bishops again were under the oversight of a Patriarch. Greece was under the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The early Christian worship was, in general, fashioned much after the Jewish ceremonial, and the churches were generally an imitation of the Temple at Jerusalem. Christianity now became popular, and with its popularity pride and worldliness crept in, also gross sins. Many grieved at this and retired to little islands and desert places. These people were called hermits, and were the foundation of the monastery system which so flourished in after years.

Theodosius was a good Emperor, once letting his wrath lead him into great cruelty. The Thessalonians had mobbed and killed their governor on some of his officials, who had imprisoned a popular character, and when the people wanted to have take part in the public races. The Emperor, upon hearing the news, gave orders to a cruel captain to punish the Thessalonians, and the latter, delighted with the mission, hastened off before the Emperor could repent. This captain invited all the Thessalonians into the circus, shut the doors, and then set his soldiers killing them without distinction. The Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, made the Emperor wait as a common penitent for many months, ere he vouchsafed his pardon.

After Theodosius died, the Eastern half of the Roman Empire became conquered by the German nations, but the East remained for a long time under a Emperor. The church, however, remained one, with a Pope at Rome and a Patriarch at Constantinople.

In the eleventh century a dispute arose between this Patriarch and the Pope over some parts of the creed, and the church was divided into the Greek Church, under the Patriarch, and the Roman Church, under the Pope.

(To be continued.)

A Testimonial from Japan.

Mrs. Colonel Bailey writes appreciatively of the "Life of John Read," and says that to express her feelings fully she is delighted with it, and is sure the book will be the means of much blessing to all who read it.

The "Life of John Read" has had splendid sale, and letters come in almost daily to Mrs. Read, speaking of the blessing it has been to its readers.

Mrs. Read has still a few copies to dispose of. If you wish to purchase, order at once.

Price 30c., paper 50c.

MUSTILERS RENDEZVOUS

A Brilliant Victory for West Ontario.

THE CENTRAL AND EAST ONTARIO DEFEATED AND THOROUGHLY ROUTED.

Brigadier Howell Turns the Fortunes of the Day.

LOST—THE EASTERN PROVINCES!

A Fenian Raid Scare!

By EIRNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

West Ontario Province - - - 80
Central Ontario Province - - - 83
East Ontario Province - - - 83

Most stirring news! Brigadier Howell, commander of the London forces, has achieved a glorious victory, and put to flight both the Central and East Ontario forces. Mounted on his fiery Arab, he directed operations so brilliantly that after a severe encounter, both Brigadier Gaskin and Brigadier Pugnare, who, by the way, has just taken Major Hargrave's place, were seen in full flight, their troops retreating in much disorder.

Too much praise cannot be given to the bravery and tact of the West Ontario forces. They have changed the whole aspect of the war, and we predict a succession of brilliant victories.

(Personal to M. G.—Were you not unduly influenced late yesterday by a threatened Fenian raid by the appearance of two such jaw-breakers as Captain Kahagayabegogone and Lieutenant Wahhishkegashagone in the C. O. P. Honor Roll? Don't be alarmed. I assure you you have no cause. These names are, I understand, the Indian titles given to Capt. Palling and Lieut. Pattende of Little Current. I am unable to give the correct meaning of the above-mentioned words, but seeing Capt. Palling is over six feet high, and Lieut. Pattende somewhere approaching it, I imagine they have some reference to "sky-scrapers." Will Capt. Kni—please add the other letters when you have an afternoon off kindly enlighten our ignorance?)

Adj. Phillips, of Jamaica (no relation to my dear colleague, Staff-Capt. Phillips, of London, Ont., so far as I know) sends me the following item, which I am pleased to include in these notes:—
Jamaica, W. I.—One of our female officers recently had seven shillings stolen out of her quarters while she was holding a meeting in the adjoining barracks. The greater portion of this money was for the sale of War Cry, and it was impossible for the Captain to replace it; in fact, it had to be transmitted to Headquarters the following day. So she asked the Lord, in faith, to show her in a dream who the thief was, and to make him bring the money back. God answered both her petitions, and although she would have pardoned the man, he has since stolen from somebody else, and is to be tried for it, and will probably be sent to prison.

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.
Eastern Prov. - - - H. W. - - 50
Pacific - - - 35
Mid. - - - 14
Klondike - - - 3
Totals, - - - 105

Once more the defaulting East!

The North-West is fully maintaining its reputation. The why "War Whop" will win world-wide worship! (Whew!)

No news from the ice-bound Yukon yet. We may be sure, however, that Lieut. Atkins, of sterling renown, is blowing away.

The gallant little steed, Sonskin, whose owner bears the historic name of Sharp (look up "Ancient Scottish History," by Snooks, for record of Sharp family) is still endeavoring over the expansive void of Terra Nova, to the accompaniment of martial music from fourteen merry musicians!

Will Broncho, of Spokane memory, please move on a bit faster? Not so much bucking at the old fence. Get on the other side of it and stay there. Your opportunity is a good one. The new rider, whose name is Hargrave, will surely impress the Province with the need of an advance.

A certain correspondent, who shall be nameless, sends in the returns of sales thus: "C—W—, average sales 41 (40 last week, 21 this)." Will our correspondent please bear in mind that "total" does not mean "average"?

DE WAR (CRY) FEVER CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM.



Rufus Jackson, of Possumville, West Ontario Province, to his bosom friend, Pete Johnson, of the same village: "Say, Pete, I see de West Ontario troops is again blabbergasted, an' in need of sucker. Here's a lad what's gone to de front. I feel in my bones de ragin' desire to help on de just cause. So, good bye, mate, an' tell all me late frens war I am at."
(The latest news is that the W. O. forces have won a great victory.—Ed.)

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London 109
Lieut. Knudde, Brantford 101
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe 110
Mrs. Bean, Petrolia 105
Mrs. Adj. McAmund, Brantford 88
Capt. Freeman, Stratford 77
Capt. Hamilton, Leamington 70
Ensign Slote, Dresden 70
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg 68
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll 68
Sergt. Yeoman, Chatham 63
Sister Allen, Mitchell 60
Mrs. Reeder, Guelph 60
Mrs. Rock, Chatham 59
Capt. Mathers, St. Thomas 58
Capt. Heiner, Tinsburg 58
Ensign Wakefield, London 54
Mrs. Schwartz, Guelph 53
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Stratford 53
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest 50
Capt. Hellman, Chatham 50
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg 50
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton 50
Ensign McLeod, Galt 50
Sergt. Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim 50
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield 50
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 50
Francis Brb, Berlin 45
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway 41
Capt. McCutcheon, Searforth 40
Sister Routhillard, Chatham 40

Capt. Cajonard, Thedford 40
Capt. Hoekin, Norwich 38
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg 38
Lieut. Stickle, Berlin 35
Mother Broadwell, Kinsville 35
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin 35
Mrs. Cole, Tilsonburg 35
Capt. White, Listowel 35
Capt. Wiseman, Bothwell 35
Fred Palmer, London 35
Mrs. Cooper, Goderich 34
Lillie Dixon, St. Thomas 33
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway 31
Mrs. Leather, Stratford 30
Sister Musgrove, Stratford 30
Mother Cutting, Essex 30
Bra Simpson, Guelph 30
Lieut. Edwards, Paris 29
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeider 29
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim 29
Mrs. Harris, London 29
Corps Cadet Clark, St. Thomas 29
Maud Durant, Galt 29
Annie O'Donnell, Galt 29
Capt. Haley, Ridgeway 28
Marshall Bonn, Wallaceburg 27
Capt. Carl, Wrenning 27
Adj. McAmund, Brantford 27
Lieut. Thompson, Searforth 25
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Essex 25
Corps Simpson, Guelph 25
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich 25
Ensign Collier, Wingham 25
Sergt. Mrs. Anderson, Watford 25
Mrs. Pickle, Leamington 22

Capt. White, Riverside 40
Lieut. Tackey, Riverside 38
S. M. Borer, Bracebridge 35
Capt. Cantors, Dundas 35
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury 35
Bvt. Huston, Lisgar St. 35
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines 42
Ensign Walker, Richmond 40
Capt. Hanna, Aurora 40
Capt. Bowers, Meaford 40
Capt. Sherwin, Hantsville 40
Lieut. Gravett, Hantsville 40
Cadet Matheson, Lippincott 40
Lieut. Stickle, Meaford 40
Father Dixon, Temple 40
Capt. McCann, Oshawa 39
Lieut. Parker, Oshawa 39
Lieut. Craig, Orillia 37
Lieut. Waage, Yorkville 35
Capt. Kahagayabegogone, Little 35
Lieut. Wahhishkegashagone, Little 35
Current 35
Capt. Richmond, Bracebridge 35
Lieut. Penneck, Dundas 35
Bro. Tack, Lisgar 35
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I. 34
Sergt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines 32
Capt. Welsh, Brampton 31
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Barrie 31
Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines 30
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I. 30
Sergt. Gibbs, Yorkville 30
Capt. Bennie, Orillia 30
Capt. Meeks, Brooklyn 30
Capt. Lett, Oshawa 30
Capt. Brant, Richmond 30
Cadet Carley, Lippincott 30
Cadet Christopher, Lippincott 30
Cadet Patterson, Lippincott 28
Lieut. Stickle, Midland 27
Capt. Huskisson, Midland 27
Cadet Bishop, Temple 25
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott 25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton I. 25
Mrs. Killinsbeck, Lindsay 25
Sister E. Howell, Riverside 25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I. 25
Sec. Daniels, Hamilton I. 25
Cadet Phillips, Lippincott 24
Cadet Greenbridge, Temple 24
Cadet McGregor, Temple 21
Cadet Fenner, Temple 21
Cadet Plant, Temple 22
Cadet Luzzol, Temple 22
Lieut. Young, Yorkville 22
Cadet Price, Lippincott 22
Cadet Marshall, Temple 21
Bro. Stagton, Hamilton I. 20
Capt. Banks, Hamilton I. 20
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton I. 20
Father Curry, Hamilton I. 20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket 20
S. M. Bowerman, Newmarket 20
Bro. Bault, Sudbury 20
Sergt. Mrs. Mayes, Bracebridge 20
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St. 20
Sister Lark, Lisgar St. 20
S. M. Tack, Lisgar St. 20
Capt. Nelson, Brantford 20
Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines 20
Sister Carden, Yorkville 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Lieut. Langford, Ottawa 200
Capt. Duff, Brockville 125
Sergt. Duff, Ottawa 117
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans 110
Cadet Hicks, St. Albans 100
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport 100
Lieut. Acl, Morrisburg 100
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke 97
Alvin Wilkin, St. Johnsbury 80
Capt. Woods, Deseronto 88
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. 87
Mrs. Easton Jones, Picton 84
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury 80
Capt. McNair, St. Johnsbury 80
Sergt. Major Perkins, Barre 80
Frederic Gilman, Benfrew 70
Capt. Green, Perth 70
Bro. Moore, Montreal I. 70
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Port Hope 70
Capt. French, Peterboro 70
Capt. Brown, Burlington 70
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I. 70
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg 67
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall 65
Capt. Picher, Arnprior 65
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville 62
Capt. Staircraft, Cornwall 60
Mark Spencer, Peterboro 60
Capt. Macdon, Pembroke 60
Ensign Salzer, Gananoque 55
Lieut. Thompson, Gananoque 55
Sergt. Edmund, Montreal I. 50
Ensign Ward, Kingston 50
Mrs. Barber, Burlington 50
Adj. Kendall, Belleville 48
Capt. Grace, Campbellford 46
Sister Herman, Campbellford 46
Elihu E. Barrett, Belleville 45
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I. 45
Capt. Tytus, Pembroke 44
Sergt. Mettice, Cornwall 40
Mrs. Capt. Beardsell, Tweed 40
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport 40